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SIR JOHN SIMON has many sins to his account. But it is absurd to pretend that it was his speech at Geneva last Saturday which drove Germany out of the Conference and the League. The speech made clear what the German Government had already discovered, that Great Britain and France were united on the main issues—and especially on supervision of armaments which has been Germany's particular bugbear. On the question of the "probationary period," however, of which the Germans have a more genuine right to complain, the British attitude was (and, we hope, is) less rigid than the French. As for Baron von Neurath's charge that Sir John Simon gave a false account to the U.S.A. of the German claims, we shall want more evidence before we believe it. Sir John denies it, and presumably he can prove his innocence, if necessary—if, that is to say, this unedifying controversy does not die a quick and natural death. "Nagging at red herrings," as someone with a taste for mixed metaphors has observed, is an unprofitable business. What is imperative is that we should all know exactly what Germany's bed-rock terms now are. If there is any doubt it should not be difficult to clear it up.

Hitler Talks Peace

Herr Hitler at the moment is waving olive branches. His repeated assurances of his desire for peace are no doubt sincere, and we welcome them for what they are worth. Nobody, of course, imagines that he is thinking of war in the near future. But the trouble is that what is being done in Germany and what is being preached and taught in Germany to-day presents a glaring contradiction to the Chancellor's speeches, and keeps suspicion and fear at fever point all over the Continent. It may be that when and if the Totalitarian State is achieved, the tumult and the shouting will die down, and Germany will play the good European. But the task of achieving the Totalitarian State—or what Hitler calls "the great work of reconciliation"—seems likely to be a long and arduous one; the Nazi regime will have both to "deliver the goods" and to abate its fury against a large section of the German people. There was a hint in Hitler's speech last Wednesday that he has something in his mind on this latter point; he spoke of "advances to our former political opponents at home." But whether this is a dodge in connection with the forthcoming election, or whether it has a more far-reaching significance, is not yet clear.

Recovery or Collapse in U.S.A.

The opinion seems to be widely held in America that English newspapers are too ready to throw cold water on the "National Recovery" campaign, that they make too much of the Roosevelt Administration's difficulties, and too little of its successes. Certainly, there has been just recently a large crop of rumours—mainly coming from the City—of the impending collapse of the American experiment, and a tendency, while professing to regret this, to combine the regret with a little private gloating about the impending discomfiture of the United States. And yet it is surely to our interest, and to that of Europe, that President Roosevelt should succeed in restoring

American prosperity, and an American collapse would have serious reactions over here. Nor does there seem real warrant for assuming an immediate collapse. Admittedly there has been a recession in certain key prices, especially for agricultural goods, and a slackening of the expansion of employment. But the Administration has still a good many cards to play; and it has been playing some more of them this week. It has, for example, put a controlled minimum price on petroleum, set out upon a further stage of its plans for reopening closed banks and supplying special credit for the farmer, and settled quite a considerable number of local strikes. President Roosevelt is admittedly trying to do a very difficult thing, and meeting with increasing opposition from "Big Business" and many of the Republican newspapers. But there is no sure evidence that his schemes are near collapse; and it is much, though far short of enough, to have got four millions or so back to work.

Fascism in Norway

The affairs of Norway do not usually excite the rest of the world; but the general election which took place there on Monday had some highly interesting features. The system of Proportional Representation which the Norwegians enjoy does not make for sweeping changes. The swing of the pendulum was big enough, however, to give the Labour Party a gain of twenty seats, though not a majority in the Chamber. The Conservatives lost fifteen and the Farmers' Party two. But all alike appear to have been affected by the irruption into the contest of a new party of a Nazi or Fascist character. This caused considerable disturbance among both the Conservatives and the Farmers. The Conservative headquarters declared against dictatorship, whilst some of its local organisations made a pact with the enemy. The Labour Party also came out as the defender of democracy with an ardour equal to that shown by the British Labour Party. This in itself would call for no special comment except for one thing, which is that Norwegian Labour is predominantly Left-wing and has up to now toyed with the ideas of revolution and dictatorship of the proletariat. The political prophets in Oslo are not sure yet what to make of it all.

The Reichstag Fire Trial

What are the Nazis going to do about the Reichstag Fire Trial? In spite of the absence of witnesses for the defence, Dimitrov's alibi is admittedly complete, while the witness who testified to having seen Popov near the Reichstag has completely broken down. Popov seems to have had everyone with him when he said that "every word that the witness has uttered about me is untrue." Dimitrov, though excluded from the court time after time, is still the dominant person in it: and the refusal to allow him to see the *Brown Book*, although it is constantly being discussed in the court, looks like an ineffective kind of spite. Van der Lubbe's behaviour is still unexplained. From the first indifferent, incoherent and contradictory, he has now become comatose or stupefied; he is apparently unable to understand anything that is being said. The Court keeps up the pretence—for we cannot think it is more—that he is deliberately playing possum. The foreign correspondents do not take this view, and rumour grows that he has been drugged because the Nazis fear that he will tell the truth about his Nazi accomplices. After the similar drug rumours about the Moscow trial we are naturally sceptical about such an interpretation, but Macdonald was never asleep while he was being tried, and it is not impossible that rumour is on this occasion a truthful jade.

The International Co-op.

The International Co-operative Alliance is in a difficulty. It has been the one working-class International that has managed to preserve unity and collaboration between Communists and non-Communists, and to have the Russians as affiliated members side by side with the co-operators of Western Europe. But now what is it to do about the German Co-operative Movement, which has been forcibly seized by the Nazis, equipped with a new body of Nazi leaders, and made merely a subordinate agent of the Government? Doubtless, the Russians also changed the leadership of the Co-operative Movement. But they did leave it with independent existence and a large amount of self-government, and they did not proceed to the wholesale seizure of the funds entrusted to it by working-class depositors, as the Nazis seem to be doing to-day. The leaders of the Alliance are divided. Some of them want to keep the Germans in, with the hope of helping the German Movement to survive and nursing it back to independence; others maintain that German co-operation under Nazi control is no longer real co-operation at all, but merely part of the machinery of Nazi government. The Alliance has just been meeting to discuss the situation; but the outcome is still doubtful. One fear in the leaders' minds is that the Germans, if they are excluded, may join the Italians, who are already outside, in forming a rival body, and that this might attract the Co-operative Movements of some of the more backward countries. Altogether, it is an awkward problem for an international movement that has so far been proud to assert its power to transcend political differences.

Arbitration on the Railways

The question at issue in the meetings held this week between representatives of the railwaymen and the railway companies is of outstanding importance for the future regulation of the service. Though they have not formally disclosed their plans, the railway companies clearly want to turn the National Railway Wages Board from a voluntary body which only makes recommendations into an arbitration tribunal empowered to issue binding awards. They are also said to wish to modify its personnel, by excluding the representation of the various units of railway users, and to weaken the powers of the chairman, so as to give him practically the authority of an arbitrator. The railwaymen, on their side, will certainly oppose compulsory arbitration, and try to preserve the present character of the Board as a body which can make influential recommendations but cannot enforce its will. Here is a check on which the machinery of negotiation may quite possibly break down. In that case the railway system would be left without any formal court to which labour disputes can be referred, since the companies have already given notice to wind up the Wages Board in its present form. The Unions are aggrieved at the decision, because they maintain that the setting-up of the present machinery was in effect part of a bargain, in which they agreed not to press the claim.

granted in the Geddes proposals of 1920, for workers' representation on the board of management of the new amalgamated companies.

Wild Life in Africa

The danger that some of the rarer and most splendid species of wild beast may become altogether extinct in Africa is so real that everyone is ready to welcome the coming London Conference on African fauna. All the European powers interested in Africa will participate, and there is real hope that something effective will be done. The convention for the Protection of Nature which was reached in 1900 was never ratified. To-day, far more knowledge is available and there is a greater realisation of the dangers of " upsetting the balance of nature " and far more readiness to co-operate administratively. Individual efforts, in which Belgium has given an excellent lead, have indicated that the solution may be found in an extension of game parks and sanctuaries. But there are many subsidiary problems of equal importance. Organised hunting by Europeans, which brings a regular annual income to Protectorate exchequers, should be subject to international agreement in order to secure the abolition of existing abuses. The rights of native populations to hunt for food or for protection have been considerably —probably too much—restricted. The natives have indigenous methods of game protection, and it should be within the competence of the convention to hear their side of the matter. We should like to hear their views on the relative destruction caused by modern and African methods of hunting, and we hope the Conference will go into the question of the effects of the indiscriminate destruction of wild life from the point of view both of European settlement and of African development.

Our Private Lives

At a meeting of journalists deploring " the tendency of certain newspapers to exploit private grief and intrude into the private affairs of private persons," Mr. St. John Ervine made the far-reaching remark that, if the public did want this kind of muck (which he doubted) " he did not see any reason why journalists should give it them." The instances he gave were certainly flagrant enough. He quoted the case of Dr. Searle and Mrs. Place, who are hunted by cameras and reporters in the wilds of Africa ; he cited an appalling instance of a lady who had no sooner heard the news of her husband's death than she was besieged by reporters at the doors, on the telephone, and even through the windows. In this case her son was driven to try a little reporter-sniping with an air-gun. Not long ago we called attention in these columns to a case in which a woman who had no reason to doubt that her daughter had died a natural death was exhorted by pressmen to ask for her daughter's body to be exhumed, and offered money for the story of her daughter's illness. This type of sensationalism has grown to fantastic proportions and ghoulishness in the United States and it seems to be growing here. We are on the way to the situation depicted in *Late Night Final* which makes Arnold Bennett's treatment of the same problem in *What the Public Wants* seem tame in comparison. The answer to Mr. St. John Ervine's query whether the public does want it or not is simple. If the proof of " want " is a purely commercial one, that is if the test is whether a large number of people will pay for this type of thing if it is offered them, then the answer of course is 'yes.' There is no kind of dirt the people will not consume if it is offered them cheap. But they will not miss it if it is not given them and we welcome this protest as a sign that journalists are increasingly recognising the need for other standards than the purely commercial.

The Buchman Revival

A special correspondent writes : On Tuesday evening I went to one of the Buchmanite public meetings. It was conducted by a clergyman in lay clothes who introduced with appropriate witticisms a dozen or more speakers, each of whom testified to the improvement effected by the Group Movement in his or her life. The undergraduates who spoke were fluent but, I thought, ineffective ; they seemed for the most part representatives of a type very familiar at Oxford and Cambridge, enthusiastic and earnest, but suffering, as English education condemns so many youths to suffer, from retarded adolescence. On the other hand the older speakers, with the exception of the chairman, were impressive. They spoke well, so well, indeed, that one felt their speeches had been frequently rehearsed. But I was greatly struck by their appearance of conviction and happiness. They appealed eloquently to the dissatisfaction which most people are likely to feel both with their own lives and the present state of the world, and offered Christianity and guidance from God as a solution of every problem. They seemed serenely unaware that pious Christians in the past had been very frequently " guided " to torture and kill one another. An American, we were told, had defined Buchmanism as a stunt for making Episcopalians into Christians; and I think the strength of the movement is in its appeal to church-goers to make their religion more real. More than one of the speakers referred to the extraordinary relief brought by their conversion, because they now could be natural and say what they felt about themselves and other people. To conventional persons whose religion may have consisted chiefly in going to Matins and disapproving of Dissenters, Papists and Socialists, Buchmanism does sometimes bring a blessed relief from the slavery of convention. But the suggestion made that it forms a bridge between the Church and the Pagans did not convince me. It makes no intellectual appeal—the Group book *For Sinners Only*, is the most entirely vulgar book I have ever read. And it does not indulge in the hysterical emotionalism of the old revivalists, at least not at its public meetings. But one ought to add that it is not to public meetings, but to individual conversations and to " house-parties," that the Movement looks for its converts. No adequate account of Buchmanism can be given without personal experience of these.

Low's Caricatures

We are glad to present with this week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION the first of the new series of caricatures by Low. Critics will find special interest in noting the development of Low's technique since the publication of the former series in 1926. It will also be noticed that, admirably produced though the earlier series was, the reproductions of the present one succeed even better in faithfully bringing out the finer points in Low's work. The printing has again been carried out by the Engravers Guild.

HITLER'S COUP

ADOLF HITLER has always been a lover of the dramatic, and his *coup de théâtre* last Saturday was a typical piece of Nazi diplomacy. It was also clever, designed as it evidently was to kill two birds with one stone. There have been ominous signs of domestic discontent in Germany, and there could be no better remedy for that than rallying the country on an issue on which nearly all sections of opinion are at one. Those who differ will have small chance to make their opposition felt in the "election" on November 12th. At the same time, Germany's withdrawal from Geneva was bound to add to the embarrassment of the Powers against whom she is struggling and likely, with luck, to break up all hopes of a "united front." Already it looks as if the trick had begun to work. The Americans, who were prepared to join in a disarmament convention so long as the sailing was reasonably smooth, prefer their own harbour to a European storm. And in this country the sympathy for Germany, which has never been far below the surface, has found marked expression during the past few days.

The Germans indeed have a case. They have been repressed and bullied and cheated for the best part of fifteen years. They were given to understand, when they were disarmed in 1919, that their inequality was only temporary, that the rest of the world would cut down its own armaments. In 1932 they got a renewed promise of "equality," and in 1933 they are told that they must still wait another four years before the process of equalisation can begin to take effect. Put like that, the case appears overwhelming; Germany is justified in equity, if not in law, in breaking her bonds. But to put the case like that is to leave out a factor of supreme importance. Germany has, in fact, not waited for permission to rearm; she is rearming to a formidable extent. It is idle to pretend that we do not know that; there is ample evidence of it. And how many of us honestly think that this rearmament of Germany is simply a gesture of protest and pride, and that the whole orgy of militarisation, from Hitler's *Mein Kampf* down to the drilling of schoolchildren is just a lark? There is nothing we should like better than to be able to believe the peaceful professions in the speeches of the Nazi leaders; but acts belie words. The short answer to the German case is, therefore, the old legal maxim: "He who seeks equity must do equity." That does not, to be sure, destroy their case entirely. They are still entitled to say that our hands as well as theirs are dirty. If, then, hands are to be clean on both sides, three things are necessary—disarmament on our part, the stopping of rearmament on Germany's, and international supervision all round.

That was the basis on which it was hoped until a week ago that a convention might be reached. There were patent difficulties in the way of agreement. We, or at least some of us, and notably France, were reluctant to begin disarming until the expiration of a long period—too long, in our opinion—of "probation" which would test Germany's good faith. The Germans stood on their right to rearm at least to the extent of equipping themselves with a number of "sample" weapons. And what was worse, they demurred to supervision—for the very good reason, it is said, that such supervision would at once reveal that they have actually got, not only their "sample" weapons, but more. In those circumstances the chances of agreement were none too strong before the German withdrawal; they are now undeniably weaker. They seem, in fact, so weak that many are prepared to throw up the sponge, to declare that the League of Nations is dead, and that *sauve qui peut* is the order of the day. To the "isolationists" in this country that presents no difficulties. They have long regarded the League as a sham and an encumbrance. They think, or pretend to think, that Great Britain can safely, and indeed advantageously, keep out of the affairs of Europe. They talk of a war on the Continent as though it would be a localised dog-fight between France and Germany; as if the wrecking of civilisation meant nothing to us; they even forget the effect it would have on British trade. And they are not in the least troubled by the prospect of a race in armaments in which we, as well as the other nations, must pay through the nose. They believe in armaments, and they believe we have not got enough. They even suggest that it is our duty, not merely to ourselves, but to the world at large, to build more. As the *Daily Mail* put it the other day, "Great Britain should strengthen her air fleet immediately so as to be able to exert pressure for peace." The folly of this attitude has been exposed again and again; and we need not now repeat the arguments against it. War in Europe in the not distant future, and all-round armaments to-morrow, are in our opinion calamities which we must exhaust every effort to arrest.

What possibilities are left? It is conceivable that persuasion may win an eleventh-hour victory. Hitler's intentions may be better than we fear they are. There is what is called, rather rhetorically, optimism in Rome. Signor Mussolini, anxious to play the honest broker, thinks that he can use the machinery of the Four Power Pact to bring Germany into conference again, and that concessions on either side may result in a tolerable compromise. We should say that the odds are heavily against him; but there can be no reasonable objection to his trying. If mediation of this sort proves useless, the Disarmament Conference (minus Germany) will presumably go on with its task of framing a Convention. That Convention will doubtless provide for supervision and control of armaments, for the cessation of rearmament in Germany, and for a reduction of armaments by other nations. But the date when reduction is to begin ought to be advanced. For our own part, we consider it should begin at once; but if the French and others insist, as we fear they will, on a period of probation, the period must be far less than four years, or the Germans will not look at it. And suppose, finally, the Germans cannot be persuaded to sign any Convention that is likely to come from Geneva. There remains coercion. Coercion is an ugly word, and it would be a difficult and a risky thing to apply to Germany. We agree with much that Mr. Brailsford says about it in his letter in our correspondence columns. But we do not agree that it would be unjustifiable, if Nazi Germany continues to talk and to act in the way Nazi Germany has talked and acted so far. This is not to deny that Nazi Germany has any rights at all, but only that it has the right to imperil the peace of Europe, as it does, openly and unashamedly, to-day. And if that is putting it too strongly—if, in fact, Germany's aims are really more pacific than they seem—

we still say that the rearmament of Germany, with its corollary of the further arming of everybody else, is something that warrants intervention. The justification is not to be sought, in the last analysis, in the Treaty of Versailles, but in the welfare of hundreds of millions of people who had nothing to do with the making of that treaty and who would rejoice to see it in the waste-paper basket.

The real question is whether it is practicable to put any economic pressure on Germany, and if so, what. The most effective form might be a refusal to sell her various metals, including tungsten, that are necessary for the construction of armaments, as well as the oil required for aeroplanes. But this or any other measure of boycott involves agreement among all the governments of the League States, not to mention the U.S.A. and Soviet Russia. Is such unanimity possible? And, if it is, can the Governments rely on, or enforce, loyalty to their decision on the part of all their subjects? Should the worst come to the worst, the League would clearly have to consider ways and means of using pressure. If it is found impossible to use it, or if it is tried and fails, then fifteen years of struggle for peace will have resulted in a world safe for Vickers and Krupp and Creusot and Skoda.

THE INTERNATIONALISATION OF CIVIL AVIATION

The Case Against

THE subject of the internationalisation of civil aviation may be approached from two angles—as a corollary to the abolition of military aircraft, or for its own sake as a stimulus to the economic use of air transportation.

Public opinion fully recognises the fact that the abolition of military aircraft is not feasible unless civil aircraft are subjected to control; the danger of misuse of the latter in war is plain for all to see, and a race in civil aviation designed for war purposes would be neither less dangerous nor less costly than a race in military aviation. At the same time, a scheme that might be satisfactory from the purely civil point of view might not fulfil the conditions of security judged from a military standpoint.

Though the internationalisation of civil aviation has been proposed in a vague form since 1928, the most definite plan stands to the credit of a French group. Although it was urged, in passing, that rationalisation on an international scale should serve the purpose of efficiency and economy, and that it was the easier since national civil aviation was neither large nor well established, it was definitely part of a disarmament plan.

The matter came before the second meeting of the Air Transport Co-operation Committee of the League of Nations in 1932, when it appeared that Great Britain, Italy, Germany, and the U.S.A. were among the Powers against the proposal, while France and Spain were its most important supporters. Opposition centred on the fact that such a public law company had never been created even for land or sea transport undertakings of a comparatively stable and standardised nature. In fact, the organisation of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits seems to have been taken as a model. The Board of Directors is represented by an International Air Union with a member from every State, the Committee of Management by a Council of seven, while the Belgian company which holds and operates the equipment is paralleled by the proposed Air Transportation Co. This organisation of the Sleeping Car Company has been successful. The overheads for services which operate in Europe, Asia and Africa have been remarkably low, and nationalism on the board or committee has been eschewed. But difficulties have arisen (and have been overcome), and these are likely to appear in greatly magnified form in an air undertaking of the nature and on the scale contemplated.

At the outset the problem of the Sleeping Car Company was comparatively small. International rail travel was fairly standardised, and no question arose of a monopoly of transportation for an international organisation, except of a very small and specialised kind. It was a matter of the acquiring of strictly commercial concessions for a small service, and no abrogation of national rights in general transportation was involved. In the matter of the air nations are very jealous of their sovereignty and the Air Navigation Convention of 1919, as interpreted by subsequent discussion, gives any State the right to refuse passage of the national air to transport undertakings of other nations. Obstacles may be raised in air transport, just as Germany has stood out from the Sleeping Car Company. The problem of the national share of constructional orders for equipment for the International Sleeping Car Company has not been unknown. In the case of an international air company the difficulty will assume greater proportions, since the equipment will be far from standard and the value of the orders very great. Jealousies and heart-burnings seem bound to arise and likely to be a fruitful cause of ill-feeling among nations.

The technical difficulties facing the internationalised air company are very great. Aviation is a new service of which the regulations are only in process of being worked out in the light of experience, and their complete codification in detail by the International Council is, in view of our experience of conferences, difficult to conceive of, and of doubtful desirability. And, since all the matters dealt with are of national as well as international concern, we have to face the long process of national ratification by national legislation.

Moreover, technical progress has strongly nationalist features—materials, types, engines, performances, controls, screw threads, gauges, tyre sizes, even measures and languages vary. A decision to use a given type or material may ruin a national industry, and will be fought by its representative. Standardisation of equipment is one of the first principles of large transport undertakings, but even in the older spheres of travel, standardisation is apt to mean standing still. It took the stimulus of road competition to improve the comfort and facilities of railway travel. Air travel equipment is almost impossible to standardise internationally, nor can we afford to do so for many years to come. We must have competition and not a giant monopoly in the air if we want to progress.

The very construction of the equipment, once decided on, is not easy. It must be recognised by enthusiastic laymen that aeroplanes and their fittings are not like so many boots which may be ordered from Prague or Northampton at will "to specification." Every public transport aeroplane flying has been the subject of hundreds of hours of discussion, modification, and amendment as a result of daily intimate contact between the customer, the constructor, and technical officials.

But this is no mere technical matter. Granted that differences in the Assembly and Council have been overcome, the organisation of the operating company is almost without precedent. To operate a transportation undertaking from "China to Peru" with equipment supplied by many different nations requires business ability beyond the powers of a general manager. The "direction" must be great in proportion to the magnitude of the task and there is a danger in sheer size.

A writer in a recent issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION deplored the fact that so promising a plan has been linked to the problem of disarmament. It would rather appear that so complicated and cumbrous an undertaking would never have been proposed, or would have had scant consideration if proposed, had it not been thought that it would forward the cause of disarmament.

It is doubtful whether even that end would be secured. A nation has decided to resort to war in defiance of the

Covenant of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact. Is it not possible that it would commit the lesser crime of commandeering the international aircraft within its borders? Moreover, the plan, cumbrous as it is in outline and difficult as it will prove in detail, is not of itself sufficient to ensure security. It is true that "large" aeroplanes will be under international control, but size is not the only criterion of usefulness in war. Numbers can compensate in a great degree for size. And so this scheme for internationalisation of civil air transport, following on the abolition of military machines, will not be complete unless a quota is given to each country of aeroplanes of a smaller size. To ensure that the quota is observed, and that plans for the rapid construction of vast numbers of these smaller craft are not prepared against war, we expect, and find, further proposals for international commissions of control to see that the convention is observed.

This is an intolerable situation which amounts to the throttling of the free use of this valuable means of international intercourse under the guise of securing the freedom of the air. Moderation and sanity, step by step progress, are out of fashion. We want to put the world right in a day, and by striving to reach the millennium in one stride we fail to make the steady progress towards it which alone can lead to success.

The air danger exists; let us limit the danger by limiting air armaments, and by gaining international agreement to moderation in their use. There is no freedom of the air; let us bend our energies to the task of obtaining that freedom by argument, by education, by agreement, or by purchase. National air lines are run with too little thought of connection and collaboration with other national air lines; we must utilise and strengthen the existing machinery for international co-operation.

These things are difficult in ordinary trade, but patience brings trade conventions to the advantage of both parties; they are more difficult in the air with all its unknown factors, but patience and persistence will bring agreement. Bilateral conventions will expand into multilateral conventions, and bit by bit the jigsaw puzzle will take form. We do not know all that air power means to our security or air transportation to our prosperity; reason dictates that we should move forward cautiously.

J. A. CHAMIER

A Reply

"WE do not know all that air power means to our security or air transportation to our prosperity." In what sense, I wonder, does the writer of the foregoing article use those words, "our security." Does he use them, as I do, to mean collective security against breach of "the peace of nations"; or does he mean (as I fear he does) merely security for England getting her own way in the last resort?

The writer suggests that the best course is to "limit the (air) danger by limiting air armaments, and by gaining international agreement to moderation in their use." I reply that, in the case of the air weapon, limitation is little better than worthless as a contribution to true security: and that agreements for "moderation in their use" have been discussed *ad nauseam* at the Disarmament Conference and are now generally recognised there as a dummy safeguard.

Suppose, for instance, that limitation were imposed on the lines indicated as a provisional expedient in the British Draft Convention. The total number of war aeroplanes in commission would be limited, for Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Russia, and the United States, to 500 apiece. (Germany is deliberately omitted.) In addition, these countries might have 125 aeroplanes in "immediate reserve." There would be a limit of weight, so high as three tons, which would involve the destruction of some of the heaviest planes; but this would not affect troop-carriers or flying-boats. The aeroplanes in excess of the permitted numbers would have to be "put out of commission or otherwise disposed of by the end of the period of the present Convention"; so, presumably, these might all be kept in being, undestroyed, in some form of supplementary reserve.

Now imagine what would actually happen if this scheme (or some other scheme of limitation less open to abuse) were put into operation, together with some agreement as to "moderation" in the use of the aeroplanes in war. The war departments do not now maintain in peace-time, in commission, the huge numbers of aircraft which they would use in war; they would be fools if they did, for aircraft, even more than tanks, are perishable creatures, quickly outdated. The practice is, of course, to expend their limited resources on the perfecting of some highly efficient types, and to make sure that, with the help of private firms, there shall be an immense capacity for rapid multiplication of the perfected types on the word "Go." Whether the commissioned forces in peace-time number 500 or 1,500, they are in either case only a small fraction of the numbers that would be quickly flung into a major war.

If, now, the numbers and weight were limited, the war departments would simply go on competing, exactly as they do now, though within these rather narrower limits, in the evolution of more and more formidable types of aircraft. The only difference would be that the limitations on weight and on numbers in commission (added to the limitation already imposed by the taxpayers' endurance) would put an extra premium on certain technical qualities, such as lightness, and on quality rather than quantity.

If we regard that as a substantial contribution to real security, we dupe ourselves. It might be professionally acceptable to the British Air Ministry, inasmuch as it would achieve cheaply a numerical parity with France in commissioned planes. It might thus tend to enhance our technical superiority; but that is not the same thing as general security against "the air danger." If we want such security the sane course is not to permit and encourage competition in types, within certain arbitrary technical limits, but to shut down the preparation for this form of suicide.

As for "agreement to moderation" in the use of aircraft in war-time, various proposals have been made with a view to sparing civilians—or at least white civilians—from air bombardment. There was a French plan, for instance, to limit bombing to "battlefields and the means of access thereto." Senator de Brouckère killed that with one withering phrase: "My country happens to be just about the size of a battlefield." Another proposal was that bombing should be prohibited beyond x kilometres from the coast except on military objectives. A Danish comment was that in Denmark there are no places more than 35 kilometres from the sea. There was the British proposal to prohibit bombing "except for police purposes in certain outlying regions." The Norwegian delegates asked: "Outlying from what point of view? Was it only His Majesty's Government in the United Kingdom which could decide upon such an exception? Could not that exception also be claimed by certain other Governments? What was far away from London was not necessarily far away from other capitals."

Even if it were technically practicable to make sure, from a height of ten or fifteen thousand feet, whilst being shot at, on a cloudy night, that explosive or other bombs would hit only the Admiralty, a military objective, and never the theatre next door, would disorganise the ports and yet leave the civilians' food supply unharmed—even so, rules for the "moderation" of those who are immoderate enough to resort to killing from the air are not very comforting guarantees of security. Is it not time to drop these cruel pretences about a moderate and humane sowing of death?

The writer of the article is pained at the idea of "international commissions of control to see that the Convention," prohibiting militarisation of civil aircraft, "is observed." This, he says, would be "an intolerable situation which amounts to the throttling of the free use of this valuable means of international intercourse." . . . To whom would it be "intolerable"? Why should Messrs. Fairey, or Handley Page, or any foreign aircraft builder either, have "free use" of the opportunity to prepare civil aircraft for the destruction of the nerve-centres of civilisation? Doubtless some manu-

facturers of heroin for the illicit drug traffic would regard inspection of their factories as " an intolerable situation which amounts to the throttling of the free use of this valuable means of alleviating pain." What of that? If we mean to observe the Convention, and to prevent its evasion, let us welcome and accept the most drastic periodic supervision by a trustworthy international commission. Why on earth not?

The sound way of contributing to " our security " and " our prosperity " is, I suggest, this:

(1) Agree now on abolition of all naval and military aircraft within a fixed period—five years, say, or at most ten. The alternative—the mere cutting of snippets off the peace-time preparations for air-war—means that Germany (who is almost certainly substantially armed in the air already) will certainly join in the game, powerfully and at once.

(2) Agree, too, on drastic periodic supervision, to begin forthwith.

(3) Agree on internationalisation of civil air transport, at least in Europe to begin with. (I hazard the opinion that, if there were the will, it would be perfectly feasible to complete the scheme for this, on the basis of what has been worked out already, within a few months.) Yes, internationalisation presents difficulties; but they are less formidable than the dangers of letting nationalist competition have its head. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, in an article on December 17th last, urged that internationalisation was desirable, not only as a means towards preventing abuse of civil aviation, not only as a stimulus to the economic use of air transportation, but also as a means of forestalling a perilous new imperialism—a scramble for monopolies and exclusive concessions and air-stations. The justice of that estimate becomes more clear with every Lindbergh hop.

(4) As for the danger that some peacebreaker might try suddenly " commandeering the international aircraft within its borders," that obvious danger can be reduced in two ways only—by the perilous expedient of creating a small international air force, stationed in various centres, concurrently with abolition of the national forces, and by developing a new sense of loyalty to the world commonwealth.

W. ARNOLD FORSTER

A LONDON DIARY

IF to be attacked on opposite charges at the same time is a proof of a high degree of impartiality, Mr. Vernon Bartlett must be congratulating himself on the success of his B.B.C. talk following the announcement of Germany's withdrawal from the League. The *Daily Telegraph* dubbed his talk a " grave indiscretion," because, at a moment when everyone was wondering " what the announcement that the German Government had decided to quit the League might portend," he endeavoured to explain that Germany had a case and had been badly treated by the Allies. On the other side the *Evening Standard*, elaborately explaining that Mr. Bartlett's views were his own and not those of the British Government, complained that at the moment when Hitler had been " at particular pains to deny the atrocity stories told about Germany, Mr. Bartlett had gone so far as to say that many who would otherwise have sympathised with Hitler were alienated by ' his brutal treatment of the Jews.' " This the *Evening Standard* felt to be a " contentious " view which should not be expressed by one of the " talented attachés of the B.B.C." So extravagantly pro-Fascist is the *Evening Standard* that it is even prepared to take seriously Hitler's assertion that there has been no persecution of the Jews! What would it have said if Mr. Bartlett had been outspoken about the persecution of the Social Democrats and Communists, of the Concentration Camps and of the atrocities for which we can supply as many sworn statements as interested incredulity could demand?

* * *

Mr. Bartlett's very sympathetic attitude to Germany goes down well, I think, with a large section of the British public. I understand that his postbag after the talk contained far more congratulation than criticism. It pleases not only the Beaverbrookeans, isolationists and pro-Fascists, but also the City, which accepts Hitler's view of himself as the investor's bulwark against Communism, and it also appeals to the traditional " under-dog " sympathy of Englishmen. Sharply opposed to the City view is the attitude of the Foreign Office, which strongly objected to Mr. Bartlett's talk. The Foreign Office is very pro-French and is naturally concerned with the immediate European dangers of Hitlerism. Hitler is therefore playing his cards skilfully when he makes the danger of Communism the basis of his external propaganda. By appealing to class feeling he side-tracks national fears of German militarism.

* * *

A number of peace bodies, including the Society of Friends, are taking a ballot on " unilateral disarmament." Their circular argues that " peace is not made with an olive branch in one hand and a gun in the other," that we might spend in one week for peace " the £100,000,000 now spent for war," and that in any case if we believe in disarmament we ought to disarm whether other people follow our example or not. They have conducted a house to house ballot of 33,995 persons of all different classes, living in various types of area from Ealing to Bow in London, in different parts of Liverpool, Birkenhead, Sheffield, Bradford, Edinburgh, Merthyr Tydfil, and various agricultural areas. The question balloted could not be more explicit. It is to give a vote for or against complete " abolition of all international weapons " by this country " immediately, even though other countries do not disarm." Almost 50 per cent. of the ballot papers were filled in; of these 57 per cent. voted in favour of unilateral disarmament and 43 against. As those areas were not picked, but constituted as good a typical sample as one could find of the population, I think this result remarkable. Even if all the 50 per cent. of non-voters were against, which is improbable, that would still leave more than 25 per cent. of the population ready to vote for the end of the British Navy.

* * *

Teymurtash Khan, once chief Court Minister to the Shah and architect of Persia's present nationalist policy, has died in prison—of some unexplained sickness, they say. People who know Persia well tell me that they had not expected him to live long; the brilliant and over-ambitious are no more likely to come alive out of a Persian prison to-day than their counterparts in Italy in the days of the Borgias. After an unusually smooth and magnificent career Teymurtash was arrested and summarily tried last March; he fell because he had grown too powerful and because he allowed his monarch to perceive that he had loyalties towards others than the Shah. Visits to Europe gave Teymurtash an acquaintance with modern politics and contacts with people in the West that roused his master's suspicions. The charge brought against him at his trial was that he had borrowed excessively from the National Bank of Persia—the principal bank in Persia and an English concern. Rumour also had it that he was opposed to the official Teheran court policy for the revision of the terms of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Such bribes as the energetic minister received are not exceptional in the Middle East; they would certainly have been overlooked by a monarch who had not personal reasons for preferring him out of the way.

* * *

Food has been so short in the Soviet Union this year that there is bitter point in the announcement in a White Russian paper that a Russian doctor has discovered an injection which "removes hunger." A dose is said to be effective for five days—which leads to the obvious jest that five years would really be a suitable period. But reports do justify one in believing that an immense advance has now been made on the " food front." I was particularly glad to hear the evidence of Anna Louise Strong, who spoke in London the other day for the Society for Cultural Relations. One of the best-known foreign journalists in Moscow, she has made a special study of agricultural con-

ditions. She had no doubts about this year's bumper harvest —the difficulty at the moment is that the railway lines are congested with waggons loaded with grain—and she was able to give a vivid first-hand account of the sowing and reaping, of the work on the collective farms, the difficulties and discontents and the struggles to overcome them. Particularly instructive was her account of the part played by the press. At the beginning of the sowing season, out goes an army of skilled reporters from the *Izvestia* and the *Pravda* in Moscow to the farms in the South. And then there appear day by day in the papers messages describing what is well and what is ill done—and especially the latter. These are not merely news for idle readers; they are lessons and warnings on mistakes and how to avoid them that are studied eagerly on all the farms in the centre and the north, before these in their turn commence operations. It is claimed—and I have no doubt truly—that this simple device has proved of immense value. And incidentally, it is an illustration of the fact the big stick is not the only tool used by the Bolsheviks in building their new Jerusalem.

* * *

During the past few weeks I have heard of many infallible ways of recognising mushrooms, but have not sufficient confidence in any one of them to pass them on. The following story, which my informant guarantees as true, is perhaps rather a warning than a guide. It was decided that certain possibly doubtful mushrooms should be tried upon the dog; if he was hale and hearty at 7 p.m. the remainder would be cooked for dinner. The mushrooms were cooked, served and enjoyed. At 10 p.m. the host left his guests for a few minutes and to his horror found his dog lying dead in the avenue. A doctor was immediately summoned and the stomach pump put into action. The guests departed and the host and hostess retired. Early the following morning, before the household was astir, the host was roused by his next door neighbour, who gloomily apologised for not disturbing them the previous evening to explain that he had unfortunately run over and killed their dog.

* * *

The Justice congratulated the mother on the appearance of the children, and said they were a credit to her. That she could achieve what she was doing on 7*s.* 6*d.* a week was a marvel, which could only be witnessed in a Christian country, and the sooner the Guardians restored the 17*s.* 6*d.* a week relief the more rapidly would they earn the esteem of the community.—*Irish Times.*

* * *

Miss Philippa Nash, daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Nash, is dividing her time between hat making and helping to start a social centre in a poor London district to be run by members of the Monkey Club.—*The Queen.*

* * *

She is a great fisherwoman, a fine shot, and passionately devoted to animals, above all to her parrot, who was taught to sing by Melba. —*Daily Express.*

* * *

A vivacious, fair-complexioned girl, who was "changed" at the Group's house-party at Oxford three months ago, declared that "changing does not hurt." Anyone who thought it easy in a moment of emotionalism to surrender to God would find that it was really a painful process.—From a report in the *Daily Telegraph* of a Buchmanite meeting.

* * *

I was greatly struck with the deferential attitude of the man who was washing the face of Queen Victoria on the Temple Bar Monument yesterday. Most statues when they become covered with years, honour, and grime have to submit to the most unceremonious scrubbings. This was a pleasant little tribute to the memory of the great Queen.—*Daily Telegraph.*

CRITIC

THE PROTESTERS

MANY people use the phrase, "My blood boiled," meaning, presumably, that their temperature reached protesting-point on a certain occasion. Fortunately or unfortunately, it is extremely difficult to keep the blood boiling. The temperature sinks rapidly back to normal, and our protests, once so energetic, fade on our lips. I am myself one whose blood can boil with any man's for five minutes—in favourable circumstances, perhaps, for five weeks. It can boil over big things and little things alike—over Russia and over Waterloo Bridge, over Hitlerism and over restrictions on the hours for the sale of sweets. The ardour of my protests bears no relation to the magnitude of the things against which I protest. I feel a stronger resentment when I hear gramophones being played in punts on the river than when I read what the Japanese are doing in Manchukuo. Tell me that a piece of old Hampstead is going to be pulled down to make way for flats, and I am more volubly indignant than over the slums of Sheffield.

I think this unreasonableness of the blood must be general among human beings. Our blood boils over one thing and remains coolly indifferent to another thing that should equally arouse our indignation. Many men become angry over cruelty to a single dog, but are not sensibly perturbed by cruelty to thousands of human beings who differ from them in politics. It is as though we chose the objects of our indignation without principle and at random. It is, perhaps, because we suspect the absence of real principle in boiling blood that we are inclined to ridicule other people whose blood is boiling when our own is not.

It is only a few months since the blood of the great majority of Englishmen was boiling over the trial of five of their fellow-countrymen in Moscow. Most of them had never even heard the names of the five till the time of their arrest. They knew nothing except that five English citizens were to be put on trial for their lives before a Russian Court, but that fact alone was enough to drive them into a frenzy of indignation and protest. To me this seemed perfectly natural. To the ordinary imagination a fellow-countryman who is threatened by a foreigner is not a mere man but a symbol of his country. If an American citizen is beaten by Nazis, Americans do not pause to inquire whether he is a beautiful character whom they would like to invite into their homes; they feel that an outrage has been committed against America, and the passion of the pack swells their bosoms. If an American is attacked in New York there is no comparable excitement. The attack in that case is an attack, not on a country, but on an individual. In order to appeal to the deepest feelings of one's fellow-countrymen, it is better to be maltreated abroad than at home.

There were, of course, other reasons for the enormous excitement over the Russian business. For one thing, there was a general belief that the trial would not be a fair one—that it was perfectly possible that five innocent men would be convicted and even shot in the interests of Russian policy. Those who seriously believed this would, I think, have been less than human if their blood had failed to reach boiling point.

The unreasonableness of the blood, however, seems to me to be shown in the fact that while it boils at the possibility of five Englishmen being killed abroad, it steadily refuses to boil over the killing of hundreds of English men, women and children at home. If foreigners killed one hundredth as many English people as are killed every year by motorists, the English nation would be in a state of war-like hysteria. On Tuesday night, Scotland Yard issued its quarterly report on street accidents in London alone, and made it clear not only that many people are being killed as usual but that the rate of killing is going up rapidly. Fatal accidents increased during the three months from the 304 of the same period last year to 381, and the number of persons injured rose from 14,340 to 16,208. And this multiple killing took place largely because a great number of people were readier to risk killing other people than to drive as carefully as the mixed traffic of a modern city would suggest to a sane human being. I am not suggesting that the motorist is always to blame when someone is killed or injured by his car; but there is no doubt that in nine cases out of ten the accident occurs because he was taking risks that he ought not to have taken.

There is no other reason for the increase in motoring accidents. Everything in motoring has become safer in recent years

except the driving of the motorist. The road surfaces have become safer, and tyres have become safer, so that the dangers of skidding have been reduced by 90 per cent. The mechanism of the cars has become more and more fool-proof, so that defects in the machinery are the cause of fewer and fewer accidents. It is possible that the dark surfaces of many of the roads with the light ineffectively distributed on them makes driving more dangerous instead of safer than it used to be after nightfall. But on the whole it seems to me likely that if all motorists drove rationally there would not be above a score of deaths on the roads of England in the course of a year.

If the vast majority of the present killings are preventable, however, how is it that our blood does not boil and keep on boiling till something is done about it? Is it because we are all motorists nowadays and are afraid that if too serious a view is taken of accidents we may ourselves get involved in trouble some day as the result of an accident for which we were not really responsible? Whatever may be the reason, we permit a degree of folly and recklessness in motorists such as we should never dream of permitting in the drivers of milkcarts, or in any other member of the community. There are motorists who complain that in cases of accident magistrates and coroners are prejudiced against them, but it seems to me that with the majority of magistrates, coroners and juries, the prejudice is on the other side. I read some time ago the report of an inquest which suggested how great is the licence allowed to a motorist nowadays. The motorist's car had swerved to the wrong side of the road and killed a cyclist. He explained that he was driving at forty miles an hour when he saw a wasp on his waistcoat. He asked a friend to hold the wheel for a moment while he killed the insect, keeping all the while his foot on the accelerator. His friend explained that, while he was holding the wheel another wasp came in through the window. He momentarily took his eyes off the road in order to deal with the second wasp and while his eye was on the wasp the steering wheel must have turned in his hand with the result that the car swerved and killed the cyclist. If the report of the case that I read was correct, the jury saw nothing extraordinary in the behaviour of two motorists who were so intent on killing wasps that they could not see where they were going, with fatal results to a fellow human being. They did not even gently point out that, if a motorist wishes to kill a wasp, it would be better for him to stop the car for ten seconds while doing so. There was no suggestion that the motorists showed any lack of intelligence in continuing to drive ahead while all their energies were concentrated on killing wasps. Yet it seems to me that anyone who allows his attention to be distracted while driving a car should at least be forbidden to drive for the rest of his life.

We shall never have sane motoring, however, till legislation against bad motorists ceases to be regarded as legislation against motorists. The strength of the bad motorist at present lies in the good motorist who does not want to be interfered with. The bad motorists, I suppose, do not make up more than 2 per cent. of those who drive cars, but they are effectively sheltered between the 98 per cent. of innocuous drivers who hate restrictions. Yet in time surely the blood of the 98 per cent. will begin to boil as the rate of killing increases. The fact that about 30 per cent. more people were killed during the present summer—a summer in which the perfect weather should have made motoring particularly safe—than during last summer is at least as startling to the imagination as any threat to destroy Carlton House Terrace. It is more startling even than the temporary deposition of Tchekedi. Yet somehow so far the blood refuses to boil. No principle seems to be involved to incite us to indignation. We cannot become roused over mere accidents. The gangster who kills we regard as a danger to the community; as for the motorist who kills he may be as dangerous, but we cannot think of him as a pest of the same order. No, the blood absolutely refuses to boil. I, myself, will not give the matter another thought till the next quarterly return is published. Y. Y.

DOES HEAVEN HELP?

THE part played by "instinct" as a so-called explanation of animal behaviour gradually recedes as biological science advances. The ability to select advantageous food is the latest attribute to be subjected to experimental method. Not, perhaps, altogether uninfluenced by the work of Pavlov and his school, possibly knowing that the concept of conditioned reflexes had been applied even to aesthetics, Dr. Leslie Harris two or three years ago decided to try to find out whether it was necessarily true that animals always chose the best of a variety of foods offered to them and, if so, how.

Dr. Harris found that very little precise work had been done in this field of inquiry. Most experimenters engaged in nutritional work on animals have seen occurrences that they either casually dismissed as manifestations of "instinct" or wished in vain for an opportunity to investigate on some quantitative basis, as clear indications of selective ability.

Conflicting views have been expressed by the few investigators who have looked into the matter, Osborne and Mendel having found that rats tended to choose foods containing a better rather than those containing a worse protein, whereas Beadles and his associates could find "no support for the assumption that the more complete of two rations is consumed in greater amount." Some early work of Hoffman indicated that rats would select wholemeal bread at the expense of white bread, but his work was limited in scope by its mainly commercial objective.

Dr. Harris is the Director of the Medical Research Council's laboratories at the Institute of Human Nutrition in Cambridge. His work in vitamin research is well known to biochemists throughout the world; its importance is recognised by the medical profession, since he was invited, though himself not a medical man, to open a discussion at this year's B.M.A. Annual Meeting in Dublin on "The Value and Dosage of Vitamins in Pediatric Practice."

It is therefore to be expected that this particular research should have practical consequences in human medicine or dietetics. This is indeed the case. There is at least one school of pediatricians who suggest that newly weaned infants should be given a selection of diets, and brought up on a regime of whatever they choose for themselves, and in whatever amount. Apart from the importance of this matter for infant welfare, it has other implications. If it be true that "into the mouths of babes and sucklings" there passes only physiological and biochemical truth, we shall have seriously to reconsider our methods of filling University chairs in these subjects, possibly with a noticeable effect on the modal age of professors.

Dr. Harris's experiments have been particularly well planned, and have had the double result of all successful scientific research. They have not only settled the actual question investigated, but have also suggested many lines of further work. The experimental animal was that very intelligent and highly educable mammal, the albino rat. Its use enables experiments to be conducted with reasonable speed and with a large number of experimental animals—essential, if individual variations are to be averaged out. Dr. Harris chose for his criterion of "goodness" and "badness" in a diet the presence or absence either of vitamin B as a whole, or of the part of it now known as vitamin B_1. Absence of vitamin B_1 from the rat's diet, even if this is complete in all other respects, results in a rapid decline in weight, beginning almost immediately the animal is placed on the deficient diet, and continuing for two to four weeks, always with a fatal termination. In the intervening period the animal shows marked signs of nervous disturbance, similar in many respects to those shown by a human subject suffering from severe beri-beri.

Equally clear cut is the result of restoring the vitamin to the diet of the animal, provided it has not been allowed to become too ill. Pigeons in a state of complete paralysis, showing the characteristic spasm of the neck muscles and

retraction of the head (opisthotonos), will be on their feet and obviously picking up grain within an hour of the administration of a curative dose. Rats also respond very rapidly, and their slowed-down heart-beat (bradycardia), characteristic of vitamin B_1 deficiency, is restored to normal in three to five hours.

Dr. Harris and his colleagues carried out experiments ranging from very simple ones to some of considerable complication. First of all they showed that animals previously fed on a diet devoid of vitamin B would invariably choose a diet containing the vitamin in preference to the identical diet without it, provided the complete diet was distinguishable from the other diet by taste or smell. They next showed that, given the choice of several diets deficient in the vitamin and one diet containing it, they would always choose the last. This is a clear indication that monotony as such does not put the rat off its food.

In a further series of tests the rats were ingeniously "deceived." To begin with they were taught to choose a vitamin-containing diet easily detected by its taste or smell. When, however, the vitamin was removed from this diet, without its organoleptic properties being affected, the animal continued to eat it, even though the vitamin was then incorporated in the diet that had previously contained none of it. After a time, however, the animals gradually went back to the previously rejected diet, now satisfactory, and helped themselves to it exclusively.

There are indications in Dr. Harris's records that the animal does not invariably settle down at once to the best diet, though it generally does so. Presumably it makes a number of shots, for the rat is gifted with as much satiable curiosity as larger mammals are. If it strikes the good diet quickly, it will stick to it, because of the benefits received; if it does not, its health will decline and it will go on trying other diets until it strikes the proper one.

These experiments, and many others of a similar ingenuity, showed quite clearly that here was no inexplicable instinct at work. The animals chose the better of two diets when they could distinguish it from the worse. Further, they only chose the better of two diets if it contained something of which they stood in definite need. If the missing vitamin were supplied to the animals separately throughout the experiment, it made no difference to them whether they then fed on a diet deficient in the vitamin or on a diet in which it had been incorporated.

Dr. Harris argues, and with great cogency, that this particular educability of the rat is directly and solely determined by the rapidity with which it recovers from vitamin B deficiency. It feels the effects of even relatively small doses of vitamin B at once, and proceeds to take more of the diet that has so much improved its condition. Unless it experiences definite benefit from the better of two diets it will be unable to choose, and if it does not choose there arises no reflex associating the particular taste and smell of the diet with its curative properties.

If this explanation of his experiments be true, Dr. Harris argues, experiments on other vitamin deficiencies should throw further light on the matter. Recovery from vitamin A deficiency is, like response to its effects, a somewhat prolonged affair. Animals fed on a diet free of vitamin A may continue in apparently normal health for many weeks, though they will suffer from a diminished growth rate and a lessened resistance to certain infections, particularly towards the end of the period. If vitamin A is restored to their diet at any time when they are living on their own reserves, its effect will probably not be noticed by the animals at all. When animals are offered a choice of diets with and without vitamin A, they fulfil perfectly Dr. Harris's forecast based upon his analysis of the vitamin B experiments. The animals do not make any selection between those diets, and it appears quite impossible to educate them in this matter.

Dr. Harris's work will certainly be followed up by himself and by others, but there is no doubt that it will meanwhile have to be seriously considered by holists, neovitalists, and all antimechanists. In this respect it is as tendencious as an objective and non-propagandist investigation can well be. It appears to be by no means universally true that Heaven, in matters of diet, helps those who help themselves.

In that event, many traditional beliefs about food, that it is sufficient to rely on a "free choice of natural foods," for example, must go by the board. Human babies, anyhow, never develop a healthy craving for cod liver oil to the extent that their parents develop an unquenchable passion for *pâté de foie gras*, though the babies' risk of rickets vastly exceeds their parents' danger of developing night-blindness or xerophthalmia. And as to the golden age of nutrition, before vitamins were dreamt of, it is sufficient to remember that in 1730 three out of every four babies born in London died before they were five years old.

Anyone interested in the details of these experiments and their very instructive technique will find particulars in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society* (Section B) for 1933 (page 162). There will also be found some observations refreshingly unexpected in those staid surroundings; one of them may fittingly conclude this article. To quote Dr. Harris's own words: "In place of a 'little of what you fancy does you good' one may write 'you get to fancy a little of what did you good *promptly*.'"

A. L. BACHARACH

THE DEFEATISTS

We've stood the test of war; we "saw it through";
But peace, it seems, is harder to pursue—
At least for those who, at each check we meet,
Clamour for frank admission of defeat;
And this new challenge, Hitler's flung-down glove,
Gives our defeatists just the chance they love.
"Break up the Conference, own your dreams were vain,
Get back once more to solid earth again;
Back to the old suspicion, fear, intrigue.
Scrap the Locarno Treaties, scrap the League;
Scrap every hope of closing Europe's ranks;
Scrap everything, in short, save bombs and tanks;
Content, if war should wipe us from the slate,
To lay the blame not on ourselves but Fate."
So runs the plea of those who'll boast at need
The warlike virtues of "the bulldog breed"
That, stubbornly refusing to confess
Its failures, from disaster wrung success.
We've stood the test of war; we saw it through
In Flanders mud as once at Waterloo:
Is peace less worth an effort to pursue?

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

SHOULD WE COERCE GERMANY?

SIR,—Hitler's action in quitting the League and the Disarmament Conference has proved for us all a problem of enormous difficulty. It may be that it admits of no good solution: I for one see none, until the German people throw off his barbaric Government. But there are grave arguments against the course which the NEW STATESMAN tentatively advised last week—economic sanctions to enforce any Disarmament Convention that may be reached at Geneva. It is, I think, a bold assumption that any convention can be ratified, even if a text is established. No figures were suggested for Japan in the MacDonald Draft, and when this first difficulty is overcome the fact remains that her Delegation has said plainly that it will not accept supervision. If Japan stands out, so will Russia, and so, next, will Russia's neighbours—and they in turn have neighbours.

This possibility, whether it actually arises or not, presents us with the real difficulty of principle in dealing with Germany. The entire process of disarming at Geneva is voluntary. The members of the League retain the most cherished privilege of sovereignty; they fix their own armaments. Others may plead, suggest or bargain, but within the League there can be no dictation

in this matter. Yet we all seem to assume that it is perfectly right and proper that we should dictate to Germany, and some would even use coercion. It can be done only because she is bound by the Treaty of Versailles. That is what Germans mean when they say that this Treaty robbed them of sovereignty. Let us, then, be clear what we are proposing to do; we are proposing to repeat the dictatorial processes of Versailles in all their crudity.

I will anticipate the retort that sovereignty in this absolute sense is an antiquated principle, and that its survival is the curse and ruin of the League. I agree, I think, moreover, that we shall never get disarmament until a supernational authority does dictate to all the Powers, great and small, what armaments they shall retain. But that, unfortunately, is not Geneva's way. We are free to keep our monster battleships and our bombers for outlying regions, and the French their submarines, and no one can say us nay. The proposition before us is to deprive Germany and Germany alone of this kind of sovereignty.

Why this discrimination? There is one possible answer which I need not discuss. Neither you nor, I imagine, any of your readers will answer in the jargon of 1918 that Germany was guilty of the war. But it may be said that she is morally bound by the Treaty. That is hard to maintain. It violated the conditions (the Fourteen Points) on which she surrendered. It was imposed only by the prolongation of the hunger blockade. And I confess I do not know the answer, when Germans retort that the Allies in their turn are breaking it by their refusal to disarm down to the Versailles level. Let us look at the record. During fourteen years they forgot their promise altogether, and even increased their armaments. They then spent two years in the futilities of this Conference. They now propose that for another four years the present discrimination shall continue Only after eight years will nominal equality be reached. Real equality no one pretends to offer. France will have on the MacDonald figures exactly twice Germany's army, and Poland, with half her population, the same strength. It is not clear whether at any time aircraft are to be allowed to Germany. I imagine not. In that case, on the MacDonald figures, the French group will have 1,400 military planes, and she will have none. I defy any honest man to say that if he were a German he would accept this as fair dealing and equal right. This seems to me to make our case for the enforcement of the sanctity of treaties in this case scandalously weak. We are, moreover, singularly partial in our enforcement. Japan, by the resolutions of the Assembly, has just broken three treaties which she voluntarily signed. But there was no enforcement there.

Most of us, however, will take broader ground. Germany must be treated as we treat no other Power, because she is unique in the barbarism of her Government. One may phrase it as one chooses; we all loathe this madly nationalist, persecuting, reactionary, Jew-baiting, militarist dictatorship. To say that such people are not to be trusted with arms is reasonable enough. But is this regime unique? Liberty is now a refugee on the shores of the Atlantic: nowhere in Central or Eastern Europe will you discover her. I can see nothing to distinguish Italian Fascism from the German brand, save that it has the good sense not to antagonise the Jews. It displays the same militarism (with a party militia and armed schoolboy corps), the same physical brutality to opponents, the same contempt for internationalism and for the League idea. Need I direct your attention to Jugoslavia or to Poland, which assuredly is no paradise for Jews? And will anyone contend that Japan, by her recent record, has established her moral right to possess offensive arms? My bewilderment reaches its climax when I ask myself why Dr. Dollfuss is the hero of London and Paris, and Hitler their bugbear. Is it because "Austro-Fascism" is in any essential different from the Nazi tyranny? Or is it because he is helping to maintain the strategical Balance of Power established at Versailles? Is it, then, Germany's political morals that unfit her to bear arms, or is it her misfortune that she is by her numbers, her capacity for organisation, and her geographical situation, a potential menace to the hegemony of London and Paris, as other Fascist and militarist Powers are not? In short, the reason for reimposing the Versailles Treaty is that which inspired the treaty itself—the lust of power.

Finally, it may be said that what we shall really attain by coercing Germany will be Hitler's downfall. A preventive war disguised as a reoccupation of the Rhineland probably would destroy him after untold horrors. It is quite likely that a starvation blockade, after months or years of misery, would end in the same way. But would it convince Germans either of the iniquity of their claim to equal rights, or of the purity of our motives? I believe it would rally the greater part of the nation behind Hitler, and even when he fell under foreign pressure would leave it in such a state of mind that no internationally minded government, whether Liberal or Socialist, could possibly maintain itself.

Monks Risborough, Bucks. H. N. BRAILSFORD

[This letter is referred to in our leading article. We cannot accept Mr. Brailsford's argument in the last paragraph but one. Poland, Jugoslavia, Italy and Austria, whatever may be said against their Governments, do not menace the peace of Europe as Germany does. As regards the last paragraph, we have not advocated a preventive war or a starvation blockade, but only—in the last resort—such pressure as may be feasible in order to stop wholesale rearmament.—Ed., N. S. & N.]

THE PRESENT CONFUSION

SIR,—In answer to Mr. Cadbury,

(1) By Capitalism I mean simply the developed system of production for profit based on private ownership of the means of production. That seems to me to cover the ground better than any of his alternatives.

(2) I entirely agree that planless, piecemeal public intervention undermines the workings of the *laisser faire* system, without providing any coherent alternative. That is the basis of the care for planning, since, as Mr. Cadbury agrees, a return to *laisser faire* is out of the question.

(3) I assert that Capitalism makes fundamentally for scarcity and not abundance, though the capitalist is often led to seek ways of cheapening individual products. I do this because Capitalism, making profits the end of production, necessarily treats wages as a cost to be kept down as low as possible, and therefore tends to restrict mass purchasing power. That Capitalism does make for scarcity and not abundance is surely obvious on the face of the facts; nor does it at all contradict this view that some of the most flagrant attempts to engineer scarcity have been made by capitalist States. For such States are part of the capitalist machine equally with the mechanism of private business.

(4) My statement that "countries which follow a policy of Economic Nationalism must become, *within the limits of their productive power*, high-wage countries if they are to survive" must, of course, be read with attention to the words which I have italicised. What is involved is not an absolutely high wage level, but one high in relation to the total income. Spain I do not regard as an example of Economic Nationalism, but merely of high tariffs; for she has allowed her industry to be dominated by foreign capital, and gets rid of her produce which home consumers cannot afford to buy by way of tribute to foreign capitalists. This is not the Economic Nationalism of a developed industrial country, but the economic subordination of an undeveloped one. As for France, I am disposed to believe that it has that wide diffusion of consuming power in relation to total wealth of which I stressed the necessity. But my point was not that the Economic Nationalist countries will adopt a high wage policy, but that they cannot avoid economic crises or develop their productive resources unless they do so. G. D. H. COLE

University College, Oxford.

HARRIS OF MOROCCO

SIR,—I am preparing, with the approval of his family, a life of the late W. B. Harris of Morocco. I should be extremely glad to hear of any letters of his which I might read. These, of course, would be copied and returned. I should be still more glad to get in touch with anyone who accompanied him on any of his travels or knew him in his young days; also with anyone who has had any direct contact with events in Morocco during the last thirty years, and who would be kind enough to give me an interview. RICHARD HUGHES

21 Lloyd Square, W.C.1.

TSHEKEDI

SIR,—Miss Werner is perfectly right. One cannot be both exact and short, or I would have explained that just as the authorities in Scotland after the '45 wronged the clans by vesting their land in the chiefs, partly because a clan looked like an autocracy, partly because the authorities believed in autocracy, so later in Africa did the authorities, for the very same two reasons, make absolute the chief's traditional powers.

Captain Mumford deprecates the "wholesale introduction" of Western civilisation into Africa. I have never met anyone who wanted to do that, and anyhow it is impossible. What we all profess to want is to see Africans undertaking their own social and political development. In practice we make that impossible, largely because we deny the people the education they hunger for. In most parts the reason they are denied it is the subservience of Governments to European minorities who want in Africans not educated citizens but cheap and docile labourers. In other parts Governments prefer to spend money on troops rather than on education. Further, when the wishes of Africans do become articulate, they are unanimous as rarely as among ourselves. For example, the present Paramount Chief of the Swazis thinks his existing establishment inadequate to his dignity and is bringing the number of his wives up to four hundred. Young Swazis would rather he spent the money on education. The more ignorant people are the easier they are to govern. But what Africa needs is Governors who will take the harder roads and give short shrift to all who would obstruct it, whether African chiefs or foreign fortune seekers.

NORMAN LEYS

ST. PANCRAS HOUSING

SIR,—Will you allow us through your columns to make an appeal for the interest and support of your readers for the North St. Pancras Group of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society?

There is an impression abroad that the efforts now being made by the Government to improve national housing cover the ground that this Society is attempting to secure. That is not so. There is to-day a very general discussion of housing questions, but we may claim that this Society is doing more than discuss—it is getting things done.

In 1931 it followed the St. Pancras House Improvement Society and began trying to do in a very poor and overcrowded part of Kentish Town what the parent society has already so magnificently done in Somers Town.

The North St. Pancras Group opened its first block of ten flats last July and hopes to start on the next two blocks almost at once. The rents are 4*s*. 6*d*. per habitable room. The flats are airy, healthy and convenient. The Society does not pick and choose its tenants, but rehouses people on the spot, including the poorest.

We who sign this letter have visited the flats and talked to the inhabitants. Tales about keeping coals in the bath are relics of a vanished age. The tenants really do say "It's like being in Heaven"—and mean it.

Finally, the Society is a business concern. Its offers to those who take up its shares are valuable. These shares have paid 3 per cent. for the last seven years and a 2½ per cent. Loan Stock is also issued. Details can be obtained from the Organising Secretary, North St. Pancras Housing Group of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society, Ltd., 118a Euston Road, N.W.1.

The Society has made so splendid a start and this North Group is, as we have seen, doing such fine work that we do urge support and help from all friends of real housing improvement in England.

HUGH WALPOLE
H. G. WELLS
ROSE MACAULAY
MARY PRIESTLEY, Chairman Appeal Committee, North St. Pancras Group of the St. Pancras House Improvement Society.

GERMAN REFUGEES

SIR,—Having just returned from Paris, where I had the opportunity of learning something of the conditions under which exiles from Germany are living there, I am glad to hear that a German Refugee Assistance Fund (232 Abbey House, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1) has been formed in this country. I find that many people here have no idea of the problems which are being tackled with so much generosity by the French people, Jewish and otherwise, or of the urgent need for help that exists.

I visited one of the several barracks (the "bastions" of the old fortifications) which has been lent by the French Government as a shelter for about 150 young men between the ages of 18 and 30, two-thirds of whom are said to be Jews. Though they had a roof over them, and food, they were provided with nothing else except a canvas cover filled with straw, in some cases on an iron framework, and a single thin blanket. They had neither chairs nor tables, no artificial light except one or two small oil lamps, no stoves or heating apparatus, and of course no occupation of any kind.

There was no distinction made between Jews and non-Jews, though the former had cleared a corner and had set up a little synagogue in the midst of that wilderness of misery. The men by no means gave an impression of discouragement or destitution. For the most part they were shaved and tidily dressed, and while there were some who were shopkeepers or superior mechanics evidently many of them belonged to the student or professional classes. They made no complaint, but they begged to be allowed to work at bettering their own conditions. "If we had wood, we could make tables and benches for ourselves; we could put in electric light. We can do everything for ourselves and could live as a community. We are men from a land where there is culture, and we want to live like men and not like animals."

The French National Committee, with voluntary funds, has literally been giving daily bread to thousands. It is still giving six francs a day for food to the 700 refugees (over £100 a day) in the various barracks, but beyond a few new arrivals it has been obliged for lack of funds to cease helping anyone who has been in France over three months.

The Entr'Aide Committee, on which are represented many organisations including French Quakers, to whom it owes its origin, has set up a social and "help-each-other" club for the exiles, and has been struggling to help them by one daily meal which costs a franc; the Social Service Committee is trying to arrange for the care of the children, about 300 of whom need financial assistance if they are to be fed; it is also making an appeal for clothing; the representative of the International Committee for Refugee Professional Workers is giving valiant help in placing intellectuals.

For all this work money is badly needed. We in England may feel relief that we have not the sorrowful spectacle of these needy thousands before us, but that is a reason why we should send out help to those who have. The decision in Geneva to set up a High Commission will help to solve the ultimate problem, but if courage is to be maintained and moral deterioration prevented while permanent schemes are being worked out, we must help to meet the claims of those who have nothing left but liberty, for their claim is not alone upon generous France but upon humanity itself.

EDITH M. PYE,
Germany Emergency Committee.

AGAINST TITHES

SIR,—Is it in the capacity of lawyer and constitutional jurist that Mr. Bradley wishes "to deal a blow, however feeble, on the side of Mr. Middleton"? I must assume it, since he has selected the more contentious legal and technical points in the argument, about which most people are ill-informed, while the main argument he leaves alone. Even so, he neglects to expound the meaning of Mr. Middleton's rhetorical question: "What on earth has Common Law to do with the question of Tithe?" Neither does he allude to my answer. His blows, however, might have been less feeble had he deigned to give some authority for his dicta.

In my contribution of October 7th I distinguished the authority of constitutional jurists and historians from that of "legal draughtsmen hired by politicians." So did Dr. Round when he wrote: "The lawyer's vision is bounded by his books. The historian goes beyond his books and studies the facts for himself. What is 'authority' for one is absolutely none for the other . . . What the historian wants is evidence, the older the better." Mr. Bradley is content to give neither authority nor evidence. I do not presume to follow his example. He writes *ex cathedra*: "It is simply not true to say that there are any fundamental rules of common law which are superior to all Acts of Parliament." In support of his "feeble blow" and his contentions I must congratulate him on the admission: "I have not looked up the details of the Hampden case, but apparently . . ." To whom is the self-sufficient authority of Mr. Bradley apparent?

Toulmin Smith, writing in 1849 on the constitutional principles of taxation, in *Government by Commissions*, wrote: "Hampden, morally certain of defeat, showed to his countrymen that there did exist fundamental laws which were being daily invaded. . ." Consequently, "Many men became alive both to the fact of the existence of the fundamental laws and institutions of the land . . . and further to the fact of their infringement." This led to the passing of 16 Car. I c. 14 declaring the levying of ship money to be unlawful. It showed to the world that "the fundamental laws and institutions of the land are, in this, absolutely superior

to all the ordinary tribunals and their judgments, in whatever most formal way these latter may be given, whether by Parliament or Courts of Law. . . It thereby declared and enacted that the said agreement or opinion of the said justices and barons and the judgment given against John Hampden were and are contrary to and against the laws and statutes of this realm, the right of property, the liberty of the subject, etc." While in another context the same author proceeds: "Modern Acts of Parliament encourage all kinds of malicious and secret and even anonymous information; but whatever outrage or injury may be suffered in consequence, no redress whatever is allowed to the unhappy victims" (pp. 241-244). Toulmin Smith is supported by Lord Coke.

Mr. Bradley "submits that it is incorrect to say that tithes have no sanction in Common Law." Is he then prepared to controvert Selden, the greatest jurist of the seventeenth century, who in his famous *History of Tithe* (pp. 66, 71, 72) proved that tithes, whether received by abbots or priests or the poor, were offered as oblations, a term covering tithes, which by divine right were looked upon as belonging to God? Their collection was regulated by *canonical*, never by *civil* or *common* law. The chief penalty for those who did not offer them was excommunication, which in practice often meant a death sentence by starvation.

Unlike tithes, which before the Reformation were "matters spiritual," property in advowsons was subject to secular laws. These "sacred rights of property" were arbitrarily limited or terminated by three recent Acts of Parliament, the Benefices Measures of 1931, 1932, and particularly the Purchase of Rights of Patronage Measure of 1933. So much for Parliament's regard for the rights of property.

It is important to distinguish between the value of land and the value of tithe. The value of land has been created by the landowner and farmer, the value of tithe rent charge has been arbitrarily created by Parliament by a tax charged on land. The Tithe Acts therefore *are* an attack on property and the liberty of the subject.

GEORGE PITT-RIVERS

CARLYLE IN OLD AGE

SIR,—I am engaged in writing the sixth volume (1865–1881) of the unfinished *Life of Thomas Carlyle* by my uncle, the late Judge David Alec Wilson. I should be very grateful if any of your readers having any material, letters, diaries, memoirs, etc., of the period with a bearing on, or reference to, Carlyle in these last years, would communicate with me at this address.

Nether Close, Lane End, High Wycombe, Bucks. D. WILSON MACARTHUR

Miscellany

EINSTEIN

Gewiss hast auch du, lieber Leser, als Knabe oder Mädchen mit dem stolzen Gebäude der Geometrie Euklids Bekanntschaft gemacht—thus begins the "Essay on the Special and General Theory of Relativity"—*Gewiss würdest du kraft dieser deiner Vergangenheit jeden mit Verachtung strafen, der auch nur das abgelegenste Sätzchen dieser Wissenschaft für unwahr erklärte.** It is so indeed. The boys, who cannot grow up to adult human nature, are beating the prophets of the ancient race—Marx, Freud, Einstein—who have been tearing at our social, personal and intellectual roots, tearing them with an objectivity which to the healthy animal seems morbid, depriving everything, as it seems, of the warmth of natural feeling. What traditional retort have the schoolboys but a kick in the pants?—to put a price on the prophet's head in red ink under skull and swastika on the parchment lid of a jam-pot.

Thus to our generation Einstein has been made to become a double symbol—a symbol of the mind travelling in the cold regions of space, and a symbol of the brave and generous outcast, pure in heart and cheerful in spirit. Himself a schoolboy, too, but the other kind—with ruffled hair, soft hands and a violin. See him as he squats on Cromer beach doing sums, Charlie Chaplin with the brow of Shakespeare, whilst yet another schoolboy, ever chivalrous Locker Lampson, mounts guard against the bullies.

So it is not an accident that the Nazi lads vent a particular fury against him. He does truly stand for what they most dislike, the opposite of the blond beast—intellectualist, individualist, supernationalist, pacifist, inky, plump. It is unthinkable that the nasty lads should not kick Albert. Thus Low portrays him. How should they know the glory of the free-ranging intellect and soft objective sympathy and smiling innocence of heart, to which power and money and violence, drink and blood and pomp, mean absolutely nothing? Yet Albert and the blond beasts make up the world between them. If either cast the other out, life is diminished in its force. When the barbarians destroy the ancient race as witches, when they refuse to scale heaven on broomsticks, they may be dooming themselves to sink back into the clods which bore them.

* "Assuredly you too, dear reader, made acquaintance as boy or girl with the proud edifice of Euclid's geometry. . . Assuredly by force of this bit of your past you would treat with contempt anyone who cast doubts on even the most out of the way fragment of any of its propositions."

"THE CHERRY ORCHARD"

The Cherry Orchard at the Old Vic is a great success and the production the best which has been put upon the English stage; the theatre is crammed and booking surprisingly good; the big audience laughs and is touched and admires. Yet when *The Cherry Orchard* was first acted—and before the Stage Society, too!—general opinion said it was rubbish. True, that performance was a very lame one. I saw *The Cherry Orchard* again in June, 1925. At the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, it was performed by a company which called themselves the Oxford Players, promoted by the Fagans. I remember Mr. John Gielgud (it must have been one of his earliest parts) as Trofimov, the perpetual student, and that Mrs. Fagan as Lyubov was large and slow and kind. People who cared about drama were grateful to the Oxford Players for giving them a chance of seeing the play again—and I remember being most reluctant to mention the faults of this performance, though they were glaring.

No plays require more careful orchestration than Tchehov's. "Timing" and changes of tone are essential in interpreting his dialogue, in which the mood of the speaker is often more important than what he says. All depends upon pause, pace and tone being psychologically right, and the first object of every producer of Tchehov must be to create an atmosphere of *impulsive candour* in which men and women unreflectingly reveal themselves by casual, irrelevant remarks as well as by unpacking their hearts in overheard soliloquies. The poignancy of the departure in the last act depends largely upon the way in which hurried interjections drop, one after the other, into the deep pool of helpless passive emotion: "The things are all ready"; "Here are your goloshes"; "Good-bye, old home!" (Anya's indifferent youthful cry)—each of these must make its ring on the surface of the pool.

Tchehov's method requires the most careful minute preparation. In the Fagan performance the confused oddity of effect amounted at moments to unreality—though *The Cherry Orchard* is the most real of plays; either the actors had not seen the point of many revealing irrelevancies, or they had not rehearsed enough to time them correctly. The other defect was that the production over-stressed the sadness and underplayed the comedy in the play—a comedy which, as Tchehov himself remarked, at moments approaches farce.

When, about a year and a half later, M. Komisarjevsky produced *The Cherry Orchard*, he was determined to correct that. I remember inferring that he must have been also irritated by the immense display of sensibility which Tchehov's work (his stories as well as his plays) was exciting just then in England. The rainbow effect—laughter shining through tears—is the essence of Tchehov's drama. In English interpretations there had been far too much rain and too little sunshine. M. Komisarjevsky was resolved that we should not overlook the farcical side of *The Cherry Orchard*, and to my mind he

overdid it. Pathos was reduced to a minimum. He made it difficult for us to feel anything but an amused contempt for Lyubov and her brother Leonid; the tramp who passes across the stage in the second act was, I remember, a funny drunk—not a touch of the sinister spectre from the underworld about him, and Pishtchik's farewell, which should be touching in spite of being so ludicrously clumsy, was played farcically. The only moving scene left in M. Komisarjevsky's production (apart, of course, from the old servant lying down to die in the shuttered house) was the scene in which Lopahin fails to propose to Varya. Surely there are two others which should at any rate rival it in intensity: the quarrel between Lyubov and Trofimov, and that last moment when brother and sister return to the dismantled room.

I have gone back to past performances in order to explain what I mean in saying that the Old Vic production is the best—it holds the balance between pathos and comedy. Moreover, Mr. Charles Laughton's Lopahin most certainly excels those of his predecessors—and in most subtle and important respects. What he conveys better than any other actor who has taken the part is Lopahin's muddled inconsistent emotional attitude towards the family whom he supplants. He is the son of a slave, and he never forgets that he has been a peasant, but he also never forgets that Lyubov was to him a goddess wonderfully kind. He adores her still. If it were possible to help her, he would love to save her from herself. Her fecklessness exasperates him, but on the other hand he feels a kind of daunted, almost superstitious, admiration for the sublimely silly indifference of these aristocrats to their fate. But then his triumph! *He*, the beaten, half-starved peasant boy is now the owner of the estate. Mr. Laughton conveyed this mixture of emotions, and in so doing he succeeded in being more "Russian" than any English actor I have seen in the part. An Englishman, though he might feel this conflict of emotions, would pick out one dominating element in them, probably the one most becoming, and speak and behave accordingly. If he felt triumphant he might from motives of good taste suppress the fact; or he might say to himself, these feckless creatures deserve their fate, when he would certainly not go begging for a little sympathy. But Lopahin is a Russian and, therefore, never thinks about the figure he is cutting, and accepts the inconsistency of his own emotions. He displays them instead of editing them. This was the triumph of Mr. Laughton's art: he was soft and hard, humble and overbearing, ruthless and sympathetically upset; he was triumphant and yet he felt that somehow it was all wrong. Again, Mr. Leon Quartermaine in the part of Leonid Andreyevitch has certainly never been excelled; while Trofimov the perpetual student and Pishtchick (easier parts) in the hands of Mr. Dennis Arundell and Mr. Roger Livesey were good, while the smaller ones—Yasha, the grinning superior young valet, the gloomy Epihodov, were excellently filled. It is impossible for any actor to fail in the part of Firs, the old family servant, but it is possible to overact it. Mr. Graham played his last scene, when he is left alone on the stage in the shuttered and abandoned house, far too slowly. This scene must be shortened. It is the one obvious defect in this production. Pathos on the stage must never be too drawn-out, or it loses its power. Humour is cumulative in its effect, but pathos diminishes as it is prolonged.

Miss Flora Robson acts the part of the harried and pathetic Varya with unexaggerated intensity, and Miss Elsa Lanchester's demeanour and gestures are admirable in the part of Charlotta. But she does not speak clearly enough. There is always a risk of inaudibility when acting is naturalistic and lines are often delivered with the speaker's back turned to the audience. The one unfavourable criticism I have to make of the Old Vic performance is that at moments the actors are apt to become inaudible. Miss Athene Seyler's Andreyevna Lyubov is a finished performance. She conveys the charm of the character better than any other actress I have seen in the part. She plays it so lightly, so gaily, so sentimentally, so elegantly. She combines exasperating fecklessness with a dignity and kindness of heart which explain the hold she has over the affections of Lopahin, and everybody else. She is "a dear," a charmer, a goose. Miss Seyler acts with a full sense of the inconsequences of the character she is portraying. Have I any fault to find with her performance? Well, only this: she is a little too aware of her own inconsequence. This, though it may seem a slightly overstrained objection, is really a criticism of some importance. Miss Seyler did not quite attain to that complete naturalness in inconsistency which is important to the subtlety of some of the comic effects. For instance, when she gives a gold piece to the tramp—though she has not paid her servants' wages and there is not enough to eat in the kitchen—the essence of the comedy lies in her *dismay* on realising what she has done, not in a laughing or easy acceptance of her generous gesture. And when, in the middle of giving most serious advice to "the perpetual student" and telling him how noble and brave he is, she suddenly says: "And you really must do something about your beard," this should be spoken not as though a tender admiring friend had suddenly switched into being a woman of the world, but spoken with exactly the same sympathetic *earnestness* as the rest of her advice. There lies the comedy: to her trivial things *and* important things are on exactly the same level. Perhaps they really are? That query is also a note in Tchehov's comedy. Trofimov, responding as Tchehov's characters always do (and as people do in real life) to the unspoken thought—the unconscious criticism implied, proceeds to tell her that she is a weak slave to an unworthy lover; and their agonising but absurdly brief quarrel begins. What a master Tchehov is of the part played by natural egotism in all our relations with others! In this dialogue between these two affectionate and effusive people, egotism keeps them apart—to join, to part again—and so on for ever. In Tchehov's drama justice was at last done—and this is the main source both of its delicious comedy and its poignant sadness—to the isolation of human beings. Each of his characters lives in her or his bubble of egotism; only at moments do these bubbles break and join. That note is struck early in the play in the talk between Dunyasha and Anya—both are delighted to meet, but both want to talk at once about themselves—not to listen to the other. In the production at the Old Vic I did not think this point was sufficiently stressed. This emphasis on natural universal egotism is essentially a comic theme; it takes sublimity from suffering. Tchehov is therefore primarily a comic not a tragic artist. But when at the same time such justice as his is also done to the human heart, the result is a moving reality—a tragi-comedy, and that, for good and ill, is the mode of drama most acceptable to modern men.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Ballerina"

Mr. Rodney Ackland has chosen a daring technique for adapting Lady Eleanor Smith's novel to the stage. His miming interludes serve perfectly to achieve continuity for a series of disjointed episodes, and Miss Wendy Toye, wearing realistic masks of Miss Frances Doble, manages without too much difficulty to suggest that the heroine really is a great dancer and not merely one who talks about dancing. Unfortunately, there is a deadly banality about the treatment of this story of a circus girl who is taught to sacrifice her life to her art, and is finally superseded by a younger dancer. For all the hardness of the characterisation, one feels that the attack is sentimental. This is no decay of a great spirit into grotesquerie such as Miss Evans gave us in *Evensong*, and there is a hollowness in the thwarted romance episode which is painfully novelettish. Some part of the blame attaches to Miss Doble's performance. She gives no indication of realising that Varsovina's story is of the nineteenth century, and her attempt to play the part as that of a modern girl means that many of her opportunities are lost. Mr. Lewis Casson gives a good performance as the dancing master, and Anton Dolin's acting is nearly as good as his dancing. Mr. Ackland himself as Varsovina's misshapen son achieves a sinister force which is really impressive.

Life in a Mental Home

Mr. H. C. Voller's *Sunshine House*, at the Little, is a study of a young architect who through misfortune and subsequent mismanagement and bullying passes through various stages of self-pity, chronic neurasthenia and madness to a final slow recovery. The play is also an indictment against private mental homes: whether in general or in particular is not clear, and of no consequence, for the point is not whether the evils it shows are the rule; it is whether they are possible under present conditions and under the present lunacy laws. And the play makes it perfectly clear that they *are* possible. It has a good deal of the passion of the reformer about it, but it also shows the passion of the artist. Dramatically, however, it has one grave fault: that the subsidiary characters are not drawn with the care and understanding of the central one. Some of them conform too much to simple types to be convincing. Sensitive acting does a great deal to remedy this defect. The play shows admirable restraint, for in spite of its subject it is never nauseous, or morbid, or merely clinical; and the interest never flags because the author has an excellent sense of what is significant. It is certainly a remarkable play, and in many ways a very good one.

Rimsky-Korsakov at Sadler's Wells

The first English performance of Rimsky-Korsakov's opera, *Tsar Saltan*, at Sadler's Wells last week was uninspiring. A combination of simple-mindedness with intricacy depends for its effect on virtuoso performance, which the Vic-Wells company of course do not pretend to give. The performance lacked chic and the extreme sophistication of the music was at odds with the English libretto, which turns fairy-tale naiveté into farce. Rimsky-Korsakov's elaborate and brilliant orchestration is at its best in the overture to the second act. Except for an occasional duet or trio, the airs tend to be dull, and the orchestra was tempted to play rather too loudly during the solos, especially in the first two acts. By the middle of the third act the audience became restive; effective orchestration, without real distinction of melody, is not enough. The last scene, displaying the glories of the magic island and reconciling the Tsar with the Tsaritsa and his hero son, was almost operetta. Miss Joan Cross gave a charming performance as Militrissa. Her voice is admirably suited to the troubled magic of the Tsaritsa's career, and so is her acting. Mr. Powell Lloyd was impressive as the old man, and the singing of one or two of the choruses, especially the lullaby in the first act, did the company credit.

"Les Matelots"

This, the penultimate addition to this season's repertoire of the Ballets Russes at the Alhambra, is a gem of the later Diaghliev period. Auric's music, Pruna's settings and Massine's choreography combine delightfully. In this jolly extravaganza about three sailors and two girls, one of whom is tempted but remains faithful to her sailor boy, it was a pleasure to see the present company, though one regrets that the choreographic balance is somewhat changed, and suffers by the change. Mlle. Chamié, as one of the girls, danced for the most part correctly, but she fails to give character to the part—and how much there is in the part only those know who have seen Mme. Sokolova dance it. All the importance went over to Mlle. Danilova's part, opposite whom it is at the best difficult to hold it, for she danced with great feeling and superb ability. M. Lichine was very good as one of the sailors, though he dances with strength rather than Mr. Lifar's grace. MM. Woizikovski and Massine danced their original sailor parts with their usual high precision, ease, and outstanding sense of character. The revival as a whole was delightful and was greeted by the audience as an old favourite.

An Imperial Airways Film

Contact (at the Tatler this week) is an Imperial Airways film which, despite faults, is worth seeing. The faults are two. The first part of the film is a heavily over-dramatised picture of aircraft construction, done in the Russian manner, which reaches its climax with the take-off of the giant aeroplane at Croydon. From that point we are taken backwards and forwards over a number of trans-continental air routes, but much of this travel is little more than a succession of "stills," taken in Greece, Egypt, Kenya and the East, and vivified by captions advertising the Empire, mechanical progress and so on. The two halves of the film do not quite fit, and in themselves the first is excessively "dynamic" and the second rather irritatingly, though no doubt unconsciously, "static." Still, *Contact* is very much better than most films of the sort, the photography is excellent, particularly in the shots of the air-liner beginning to move off, and Mr. Rotha has managed to get a lot of really interesting material into a very short film.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 20th—
B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Busch Quartet, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, October 21st—
"M," Academy Cinema.
Harriet Cohen, Orchestral Concert, Queen's Hall, 3.
Harold Samuel, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Gieseking, Grotian Hall, 3.15.

SUNDAY, October 22nd—
C. Delisle Burns on "Force and Moral Authority," Conway Hall, 11.
F. L. Kerran on "Is It War?" Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30

MONDAY, October 23rd—
London Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, October 24th—
Flower Show, Orchids, Horticultural Hall.
Edward H. Leu on "Madagascar: A French Colony," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Dr. Binnie Dunlop on "Eugenics, Present and Future," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.30.
Dennis Arundell on "Shakespeare and the Musician," Morley College, 8.

WEDNESDAY, October 25th—
Racing, The Cambridgeshire, Newmarket.

THURSDAY, October 26th—
Lord Raglan on "The Science of Peace," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Prof. J. Chevalier on "Descartes," University College, 5.30.
James Fenton on "Maternity and Child Welfare," Morley College, 8.
Mrs. Barbara Wootton on "The Economic System at the Cross Roads," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.
Dr. Edith Summerskill on "A Woman Doctor's Impressions of the Soviet Union," Stanfield House, Prince Arthur Road, N.W.3, 8.30.

FRIDAY, October 27th—
"We Have Been to Russia" dinner for members of the S.C.R. and their friends. Forence Restaurant, Rupert Street, 7.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"THE fact that Mrs. Elinor Glyn's readers have numbered as many as five millions for a single book makes the publication of her first full-length novel in eight years an event of importance," so runs the announcement on the fly-leaf, and though I am not necessarily prepared to agree, it certainly does make her work worthy of examination by an ambitious author. Having read *The Visits of Elizabeth*, *Three Weeks*, *His Hour*, and a rather tame affair called *Halcyone*, I was considerably astonished by *Sooner or Later* (Rich and Cowan, 7*s.* 6*d.*). A great deal of the glamour and the luxury of passion has evaporated. The tiger-skins and sables and the sins they symbolised are almost gone. Instead of these we are given a realistic picture of a poor girl living on two pounds a week and preserving her innocence amidst the dangers and temptations of life in the West End. This traditional theme is eternally popular in spite of what seems to me the obvious weakness of innocence as an ideal to be held out before the reader—since unlike gentility, it cannot be achieved. Either you are innocent, in which case there is no reason to read Mrs. Glyn in order to make you more so, or you are not—in which case no amount of study of her works will make you so. Such an objection is, of course, only valid where the reader is invited to identify himself with the heroine, which is the case here.

* * *

The efforts of Marilyn are not directed merely to preserving intact her *status quo*—and it is in describing her heroine's efforts to improve her social position that Mrs. Glyn delivers her message to her readers. Marilyn Ottley's parents were menials and she was not a lady, though she aspired to become one. In this we can take her for our model and help each other like Marilyn and Dan

> whom she had reasoned out of his old foolish rages against fate and his leanings towards Communism. He was now determined to make good, to accomplish something solid, to be a personage, to take all the chances fate gave him, and go on. . . . "I suppose it is just wonderful, Mary, that we two—you the daughter of a chauffeur and a lady's maid and I the illegitimate child of two not a bit good or nice people, should have been thrown together by fate to help each other climb on to another rung of the ladder! Don't you wonder where we shall eventually reach to?"

And Marilyn explains that:

> God did not mean everybody to be striving after some star, but that He gave desires and aspirations only to those who would be given a chance to use them—and that is where the great responsibility comes in. The privilege of having aspirations should entail upon us an obligation to use our whole wills to go ahead and so succeed in attaining them by our own efforts.

* * *

Fortunately Marilyn, after escaping from the rich, handsome, but caddish villain, and from a rather lifeless German purveyor of Oriental drugs, gets a job with the opulent and generous Mrs. Stretton, who tells her:

> "I'm all dyed and painted and I've two or three porcelain teeth, and I'm thirty-eight years old, but the something I would not give to any man while my old husband lived they tell me comes out of my eyes now—and when I want a man I just look at him, that's all."

This generous lady bountiful does all she can to help Mary (or Marilyn) on her upward climb.

> Look here, child, you won't mind my telling you little things. . . . Well, there are some things you mustn't do or say or they give you away. You must never repeat the person's name like that . . . only the lower middle class use the name Mr. or Mrs. Dash in saying "yes" or "no"—it's pure suburbanism.

So day by day Mary (Marilyn) improves, edging her way upwards and bettering herself as a lovely girl should. Soon she is reflecting:

> Evidently there were several shades of custom among gentlepeople that she had not mastered yet, but she would do so. She did not call table napkins "serviettes" because Lady Marston had laughed about that; and Dan had brought back a book from his last visit home called *Modern English Usage*, by Fowler, which he had told her about—especially one heading called "genteelism." She would get it from the public library and study it thoroughly. Dan was going on—and she would not fall back.

Dan, a young sculptor, had found that the Rome of Mussolini was an inspiration.

> Everything is balanced. Legs are not asked to do what arms should do . . . and Mussolini is the symbol of all things sane. He is the reincarnation of Augustus Caesar. Rome—Italy—before everything; greatness achieved through balance, not through the stupid ephemeral nonsense of dramatic Communism.

* * *

It comes as a distinct shock after all this to find Mrs. Glyn herself writing:

> Mary was unable to restrain her thankfulness that she had finished her Easter *costume* so nicely.

This is obviously a slip (slipping a rung perhaps) for a coat and skirt. But Mrs. Stretton and Fowler between them help Mary (Marilyn) on and on until eventually she meets the hero—on whom Mrs. Stretton had already cast her compelling glance.

> His face had a great smear of black grease across it, and his eyes, which looked straight at her, were the brightest blue she had ever seen. He was wearing a very dirty overall and appeared to be a motor mechanic or electrical engineer. . . . Was this ordinary workman really to be her fate? She felt resentful and, taking another good look at him, she walked on, a rather haughty expression on her face.

First appearances were deceptive, he was the real thing, a gentleman born, and as he got to know her:

> His critical fastidiousness never once was ruffled by any awkward expression or tone that was not of perfect refinement. What a wonderful girl! He admired her splendid achievement, and realised that it was accompanied by her will and intelligence. His respect and admiration grew and grew.

* * *

What is surprising about Mrs. Glyn is her admirable realism. Not only does she relate all the details of a poor girl's life in London as correctly as Arnold Bennett might have done, but she does not exaggerate the language or the manners of the rich young bounder villain who takes Mary (Marilyn) out in his magnificent car.

> When they were well beyond all traffic and the country spread around them with no one in sight, he slowed up and halted under a tree. "Now I've got to have a peck."

That remark shows a real genius for observation and it is this which distinguishes Mrs. Glyn from such a successful writer as Miss Ethel M. Dell, who has simultaneously broken silence with *Dona Celestis* (Benn, 7*s.* 6*d.*). In a similar situation the cad gloats over his prize as follows:

> "Well," he gibed, "you played for it, my lady, and you've got it. P'raps it will teach you to be a bit more civil next time." . . . He held her limp body pressed to his.

Both Mrs. Glyn and Miss Dell provide wish-fulfilments for the daydreams of their readers, but Mrs. Glyn's way entails more exertion, and Miss Dell's more suffering; indeed poor little Dona is gasping in agony or humiliation all the way through the book:

> He had her bent across his knee over the sloping bank while he proceeded forthwith to administer a most drastic and unsparing slapping.

* * *

There are, I fear, far far more young women to-day who would prefer to undergo such treatment than to mount the dizzy ladder of *noblesse oblige* and learn to call their serviettes by the name of napkin. Nature will out and blood will tell. And though Mrs. Glyn's book is excellent realism and stirring propaganda, though the heroine wins a real gentleman (slightly pecked by Mrs. Stretton), I fear it will fail, in spite of the co-operation of Fowler's *English Usage*, to make the girls of to-day into the ladies of yore. They had better be spanked, and they will, alas, prefer it.

DAVID GARNETT

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Professor Einstein

Low

LLOYD GEORGE ON THE WARPATH

War Memoirs of David Lloyd George. Vol. II. *Ivor Nicholson and Watson.* 21s.

I hope I shall be present when Mr. Lloyd George argues his case at the Day of Judgment. Let him once get it accepted as a premise that the only important end to be served between 1914 and 1918 was the utter defeat of Germany, and I back him to make rings round the Recording Angel. Taking for granted our acceptance of this premise, his *Memoirs*, the second volume of which takes us down to the end of 1916, show him always in the right; right in his struggles with the obstructionism of the War Office, right in disregarding the generals and planning munition supplies on the advice of technicians and experts of his own finding, right in denouncing the policy of concentration on the Western front, right in urging that we could survive the expenditure of far more money than anyone had ever thought possible, right in regarding Mr. Asquith as an insufficiently energetic Prime Minister in time of war, and right in taking his place as the man who could save the country and win the war. In general, I think, he sustains the whole of this thesis; and he supports it by a number of new and important documents, revealing incidentally that he was only saved from sharing death with Kitchener by a request from Asquith to stay at home and deal with Ireland. But there are gaps in the argument. No one will dispute the brilliance of his record as Minister of Munitions. Amongst other excellent stories he tells us how after much persuasion Kitchener signed a paper saying that each battalion should have at least two machine guns, more than four being "a luxury," and how he nevertheless went ahead and planned on a basis of sixty-four for each battalion. His account of War Office obstruction is merely a repetition of the story of the Crimean War or the Boer War. An overwhelming combination of military disaster and civilian exasperation is apparently always necessary to compel the narrowly educated specialists who have been preparing for the new war on the basis of the technique of the last to permit those who are more awake than themselves to get on with the job. On the question of concentration in the West or dispersion over the East Mr. Lloyd George has still to make half his case. He easily wins our indignation at the useless waste of life in such battles as Verdun or the Somme, but he does not go into the difficult question whether expenditure of men and money in Rumania or on other fields could have prevented the disasters that befell the allied cause in Russia or the Balkans. Similarly, the effectiveness of his gibes against Mr. McKenna and Mr. Keynes, whose presages of financial disaster were disproved by the event, is slightly marred when we realise that a considerable part of the expenditure against which they protested was not, in fact, incurred, and that the only thing that saved Great Britain from financial collapse was the unpredictable decision of the United States to come into the war.

He is less convincing when discussing his differences with civilian colleagues than when explaining the qualities and defects of soldiers. He gives an admirable and sympathetic account of Sir William Robertson, but the few sentences in which he describes Sir William's curious type of xenophobia are quite sufficient in themselves to explain why a unified command was impossible without a change in the English staff.

> He had a profound and disturbing suspicion of all foreigners . . . In a war conducted by an alliance of several nations it was essential to victory that there should be a sound and broad interpretation of the policy of the single front. In the order of his distrust came Frenchmen, first and deepest of all, then Italians, Serbians, Greeks, Celts, and last of all—if at all—Germans. The Austrians had no existence for him except in the arithmetical tables . . . Of the Germans he had a very high opinion and no dislike. In 1916, when the German army was making its stubborn defence of the slush on the Somme plateau, he said to me: "If we and the Boche were together we would have beaten the whole lot of them long ago."

Finally, there remains the still somewhat obscure story of Asquith's resignation at the end of December, 1916. As to the events that led to the end of the second Coalition and the formation of his own Government Mr. Lloyd George states his general agreement with Lord Beaverbrook's account in *Politicians and the War*. I have no doubt that this extremely illuminating account is accurate as far as it goes. But to me the Beaverbrook story does not, as Mr. Lloyd George suggests, imply that there was no intrigue against Asquith, but that other people, of whom Lord Beaverbrook himself was the most important, did the intriguing on his behalf. It gives a clear picture of Lord Beaverbrook screwing up Bonar Law to

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the point of disruptive action; it does not clearly explain just how it happened that at the interview between Bonar Law and Asquith the text of the Conservative resolution supporting Asquith's premiership never reached his hands, and it leaves one wondering whether, if it had, Mr. Asquith would have committed what was for him the blunder of resigning. Nor has Lord Northcliffe's share in these events ever been satisfactorily cleared up. Mr. Lloyd George now says: "I wish to confirm Lord Beaverbrook's statement that Lord Northcliffe was never, at any stage, brought into our consultations." So categorical a denial is surprising in view of the entry in Tom Clarke's *My Northcliffe Diary* for December 4th, 1916:

> It is a remarkable thing that Northcliffe always seems to be near his mother in times of stress. He was with her yesterday afternoon. Then he came to town, saw L. G., and then wrote a two column article on the political crisis. The burden of it is that there must be a small War Council consisting of Lloyd George, Carson, Bonar Law, and possibly Arthur Henderson. Asquith, the Prime Minister, is to be left "free to devote himself to other matters." Lloyd George will resign "unless the more vigorous method of war administration suggested is introduced."

Clearly some further explanation is necessary. The contradiction could scarcely be more direct. Mr. Lloyd George would also, in my view, have improved his account of the events that led to his becoming Premier if he had written with less modesty and without protestations of loyalty to his chief. After all, granted his view that the knock-out blow was the only policy, and that Asquith was not the man for such a policy, it was his patriotic duty to get rid of Asquith and, since he was himself obviously the best man for the job, it was also his duty to see that he got it. Now if you are a member of a Cabinet there is no "loyal" way of getting yourself put in your chief's place. Such action may be justified, but it is not, by its very nature, "loyal." Therefore, in this case, duty and loyalty to Asquith competed. Would it not be better, therefore, for Mr. Lloyd George simply to say: "The knock-out-blow-never-enders like myself could not work with Asquith and others who might have agreed to peace by negotiation. We were sure our policy was right, and that Asquith would lose the war. Therefore we schemed to get rid of Asquith, though I, as a member of the Cabinet, naturally avoided taking a direct part in the scheming. I should have been satisfied, for the time at least, if Asquith had accepted the position of Prime Minister-not-in-war-Cabinet which I suggested to him, but it was obviously a way of shelving him, and it was a good thing all round that he resigned and let me in"? Mr. Lloyd George would surely have been on solid ground if he had frankly admitted that he wanted to step into Asquith's shoes, and was glad that his friends arranged for this transference to take place.

On all these matters the Recording Angel will score some points, but the verdict will be in Lloyd George's favour. The question that remains is the validity of the premise that winning the war was the essential. And one's feeling about that depends perhaps more on the memories evoked by the events which Mr. Lloyd George recalls than on a philosophic argument; it may be influenced too, by the picture of Europe to-day, fifteen years after the war which ended as Mr. Lloyd George wanted it to end, in a victory for "democracy" and for "Christiahity" (it was Mr. Lloyd George, I think, who said it was a war for Christianity), which was followed too, by a peace for which Mr. Lloyd George had his very considerable share of responsibility. To me, Mr. Lloyd George's achievement in making impossible a negotiated peace—which I agree must have been a peace without allied victory—brings no sense of triumph; it rather recalls a German to whose agonised and maddening gurgle I listened throughout a long night, helpless to remove a piece of one of Mr. Lloyd George's shells lodged somewhere rather deep in the back of his neck; it recalls the urgent whispers of British soldiers who begged me to tell them whether I thought their arms or legs could be taken off so that they would never have to return to France; it brings back to my mind the face of a man whose persistent and ingenious efforts to kill himself I had to frustrate for eight hours in a railway carriage; it reminds me of the S.I.W. cases, with their armed guards; it reminds me of the men I knew who might still have been alive if we had been content to achieve peace without victory. And as I look at Europe to-day and consider the peace which Mr. Lloyd George's victory gave us and see Mr. Lloyd George himself calling for justice to Germany, I doubt whether the Recording Angel will grant Mr. Lloyd George's assumption that the fate of civilisation depended on defeating the peace-mongers in 1916. KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

Ida Elisabeth. By SIGRID UNDSET. Translated by ARTHUR G. CHATER. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Proselyte. By SUSAN ERTZ. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Valiant Wife. By MARGARET WILSON. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Artificial Silk Girl. By IRMGARD KEUN. Translated by BASIL CREIGHTON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Four noble women nobly planned—but not on so portentous or inhuman a scale as to make them positively unsympathetic—provide the subject-matter of this week's group of novels. In various senses of the word, all are "good"; in each story, the form their virtue assumes is that of self-sacrifice; and it is to be noted that, in every instance, a member—or members—of the opposite sex affords the stimulus that even virtue is apt to require. *Ida Elisabeth* is the most convincing; whereas Miss Irmgard Keun's *Artificial Silk Girl* achieves virtue to some extent in spite of herself and finds her halo ready gilded on the pavement, while the staunch and womanly qualities of Miss Wilson's *Valiant Wife* and Miss Ertz's *Proselyte* are held up to our admiration as accomplished facts—both heroines are "good women" born and bred—Miss Sigrid Undset gives us an extremely interesting, though here and there slightly long-drawn, study of a woman who, without definite moral prepossessions, is forced by the fecklessness and incapability of the human beings among whom her lot is thrown to play a part—the rôle of devoted mother and unselfish wife—for which she has little taste or natural aptitude. It was her husband who propelled her down the narrow path; of Ida Elisabeth one may tire, but since selfishness, weakness and sentimental fallibility are often more endearing—at least, more readily understandable—than the rigid and grim-lipped patience peculiar to disappointed yet much-enduring wives, Ida Elisabeth's husband steals from his consort a great deal of the sympathy that is her due. Thus, I admired Ida Elisabeth, but could not help reflecting how deeply I should probably dislike her in real life. Prompted by Miss Undset, I despised, or thought that I despised, the maundering and shiftless Frithjof Braäto, yet liked him and was amused by his infantile vagaries. I imagine, however, that many women—particularly women who have been married several years and whose husbands are good-natured rather than brilliant—may feel, almost ferociously, for Miss Undset's heroine.

Frithjof was a sad millstone around her neck. A juvenile indiscretion had linked her fate with his; she had loved and admired the engaging schoolboy who tossed his blonde forelock as he played the fiddle, and, no doubt, might have continued to love and admire him, had Frithjof not been one of those delightful young men who never grow up and who become perceptibly less delightful when the pink-and-white elegance of early youth gives way to the sanguine and plump-jowled solidity of middle-age. Her husband, in short, was a Peter Pan; worse still, he came of a family of Peter Pans; and one of the best things about Miss Undset's book is her account of the relationship between Ida Elisabeth, the respected but resented daughter-in-law, and the lovable, foolish, ineffective parents who had helped to make Frithjof what he was. As to the method of the story—it is scarcely necessary, at this date, to remark that Sigrid Undset is a very painstaking and accomplished writer, and that her novel is of very different workmanship from the hundred-and-one crudely illuminated domestic peepshows to which a reviewer is obliged to glue his eye. My only quarrel with *Ida Elisabeth* is that, at any rate in translation, it seems to belong to a type of literature on which the grey dust of time and familiarity is fast accumulating, year by year. I mean that it is a "realistic" novel. . . . Mrs. Woolf has shown us that from a record of trivialities it is possible to distil a certain poetic coherence; but, in *Ida Elisabeth*, trivialities they remain—little sharp oddments, scraps of observation, pebbles of stony fact, rammed down into the concrete of the narrative style. One can either sift the rubbish of experience, give every detail the colouring of one's own mind, aim in narrative at a rarefied stylistic synthesis; or else, as Sigrid Undset prefers to do, rely on the massive effect of the completed structure.

Yet style, shape and method *Ida Elisabeth* does possess. It is interesting because it is the product of an interesting and individual talent, not thanks to the story on which it is founded. *The Proselyte* and *The Valiant Wife* are both unusually enjoyable books; but, take away the novelist's background, and the interest of either volume would disappear. Miss Ertz and Mrs. Wilson have chosen themes sufficiently large, memorable and dramatic to carry along their characters from beginning to end. Miss Ertz.

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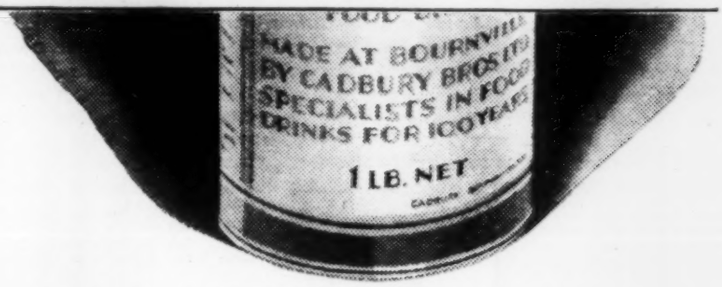

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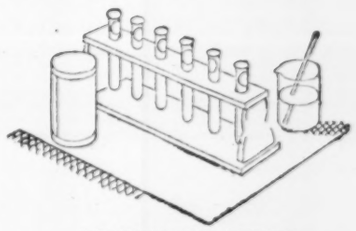

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it is true, begins slowly; some eighty pages of not very entertaining preamble are required to transport Zillah Purdey from her quiet English backwater to the fabulous and remote American shore, where experience and adventure are patiently waiting. From that point, the movement of the story is rapid. Zillah's husband was an itinerant Mormon preacher, and at his side she shared the rigours of the famous Hand Cart Expedition, undertaken, at Brigham Young's bidding, from Iowa to Salt Lake City. It is difficult, in retrospect, to explain the undoubted fascination of Miss Ertz's narrative. She writes very simply, at times dully and flatly, yet manages to convey the adventurous charm of that long and dreadful march, on which scores of Mormon emigrants lost their lives—not a few of them, young and old, being frozen to death—with extraordinarily little display of verbal artifice. Typical of Miss Ertz at her least inspired is this passage, from a later chapter, describing—or failing to describe—a rocky landscape:

> The eye travelled infinitely far in that clear, pure air, and sometimes the next day's journey lay all too sharply defined before them. Amazing rocks, weird cañons, rich colours made the children cry out in shrill surprise and caused their elders to catch their breaths and marvel again and again at the freakish ingenuity of Nature, which never seemed to tire of new and astonishing experiments.

Even at a dramatic crisis of her travel saga, when the Mormons lay starving in their tents and a strange sunset shone blood-red over the snow, Miss Ertz seems to muff her opportunity, and the style of the narrative remains colourless and rather conventional. Perhaps this verbal puritanism is largely deliberate; at all events, the story makes its mark.

As an historical essay, if not as a work of modern fiction, *The Proselyte* deserves to be talked of and read. Studying Miss Ertz's appreciation of the thrifty, austere, yet polygamous and music-loving sect who encouraged theatricals and befriended the Indians, I came near to wishing myself one of those long-haired, chin-bearded, high-booted and intensively married Mormon elders whom she pictures so sympathetically and so well. Zillah's husband, as it happened, was not a pluralist; but, yielding to custom, he did in the end take a second wife into his household—a state of things that Zillah, after a short and painful struggle, determined to accept. Zillah is just substantial enough to fill her place, to act as the personal pivot of an absorbing narrative, but never sufficiently dominant to obscure the background.

The Proselyte is the story of an Englishwoman whom love takes to America, and *The Valiant Wife* the story of an American whom love and devotion bring back to the Old World. The scene of the book is laid during our second American War, when American prisoners and French languished in common misery behind the new granite ramparts of Dartmoor jail. Just as in *The Proselyte* Zillah Hewett is less important to the reader than the historical personages and events among which she moves, so Dartmoor and its inmates and jailors are far more important, in the scheme of Mrs. Wilson's book, than Mark Baldwin, the captain of an American privateer, or Belinda, his valiant, but shadowy, wife. The chapters devoted to Dartmoor are exceedingly vivid; an odd fascination attaches to any chronicle of a long and hazardous journey, and, for some reason, any account of prison-life, from *The House of the Dead* to books written by prisoners after the war, has a curious pathetic-macabre appeal. Again, I wonder if this is a novel—the Baldwins, husband and wife, scarcely exist—but, whatever it is, *The Valiant Wife* can be recommended.

The Artificial Silk Girl was a German prostitute, rather a half-hearted and amateurish little hetaira, the laxity of whose professional principles would have shocked Villiers' *Demoiselles de Bienfilatre*. For she committed the heinous sin of falling in love—with a man, incidentally, who at their first meeting reminded her of a stick of unsunned asparagus. Because she loved him, she persuaded his wife to return home. The formula is sentimental but, as worked out by Miss Irmgard Keun, who possesses a vivid but jerky style, it proves quite unexpectedly and genuinely moving. The nightmarish background of bars and cafés, of restaurant lavatories and alien bedrooms, is exploited by the novelist with horrid skill.

PETER QUENNELL

NAPOLEON THE THIRD

Napoleon the Modern Emperor. By ROBERT SENCOURT. *Benn.* 21*s.*

Napoleon the Third. By GRAHAM BROOKS. *Duckworth.* 2*s.*

Louis Napoleon's hold on the interest of students in other countries has long outlived his hold on the affection of France. The cause is plain enough. To Frenchmen he is the man who brought his nation to catastrophe; to foreigners he is the man who, while he ruled France, was possessed by ideas that were not merely French. It might perhaps be retorted that he brought such disasters on France that no Frenchman could afford to think of France in any other light than that in which Poincaré and Clemenceau thought of her at the Peace Conference. Unhappily, his downfall had discredited not only the combination of impulse and fraud that ruined his diplomacy but also what his countrymen called his "deceiving Utopias." So Europe had to pay for the shifts and tricks by which he tried to save his ship when it began to sink after the fatal Mexican escapade. Frenchmen did not trouble to remember how he did before his ship began to sink; how, as Mr. Simpson showed when discussing the Crimean War in his famous book, Napoleon gained for France authority and power out of a war that was almost as unpopular in France as it was popular in Great Britain. In the same way Italy forgot his immense services, remembering only where and how he had checked and baulked her hopes. So neither gratitude nor affection keeps his memory warm. There is perhaps some justice in this, for affection and gratitude were not his strongest qualities. The epicurean temperament, as Mr. Fisher said of him in his book on "Bonapartism," is not favourable to the growth of affection, and Olivier reported that few sovereigns had been so impersonal.

Mr. Sencourt, his latest biographer, has prepared himself for his task by most thorough research, and his readers will be grateful to him for his learning. His narrative is vivid; sometimes, perhaps, too flamboyant for sober taste. His weakness is the partisanship which whitewashes Mexico and seeks to exculpate the Empress; but this partisanship, though it distorts his picture, is too extravagant to lead his readers far astray. Mr. Sencourt describes Napoleon as the modern Emperor. Napoleon called himself the man of his age. He recognised the new force of national sentiment, and he would have liked to see Europe rearranged in closer agreement with the principle of nationality. He liked also the plan of settling international difficulties by Congress. Thus the ideas that filled our minds in the war, about the rights of nationality and a League of Nations, played a large

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part in his imagination. Unfortunately they were not exhibited to the world under the most favourable conditions. It was not merely that Napoleon connected these large and generous ideas a little too closely with his own patronage and importance. There was a graver obstacle to their progress. Napoleon never escaped from the nemesis of the *coup d'état*. He combined with this large outlook a mind that never freed itself from the habits and traditions of the successful adventurer. With one half of his mind he thought of helping Italy, befriending Poland, or creating a Concert of Europe; with the other half he was still a schemer, plotting here or there, thinking of gaining an advantage over a neighbour by a trick or imposition. He was inexorably the man he had made himself, when he made himself the ruler of France. In that world of intrigue he was no match for Bismarck. Nobody has described the sequence of errors that overwhelmed him with greater power than the man who held in solemn earnest the ideas with which Napoleon played. The article Gladstone wrote on "Germany, France and England," in the *Edinburgh Review*, just after Sedan, is a superb study, terse and epigrammatic in style, so profound and prophetic in its wisdom that it might have been written on our problems to-day.

Mr. Brooks' little book is a first-rate piece of work, and it will add to the credit of an excellent series. J. L. HAMMOND

LITERATURE AND REVOLUTION

Contemporary Literature and Social Revolution. By R. D. CHARQUES. *Secker*. 6*s*.

Soviet Literature: An Anthology. Edited and translated by GEORGE REAVEY and MARC SLONIM. *Wishart*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Mr. Charques is the first Marxist critic in England to come out into the open. He comes out warily, it is true, but without concealment, even if no banners are waved. His point of view is one which to-day is more widely held than many people suppose, and because it is usually kept underground in this country Mr. Charques's book is the more worth reading. His criticism is clear, honest and independent. He takes as his subject the place of literature in revolution; or rather, since the scene is confined to England, he is concerned that literature does not more effectively deal with social change and put out feelers for a future revolution. Poetry, he says, has become hopelessly private and individualised; the stage reflects the complacency of the stalls; the novel even, with its wider field of interest, ignores present political reality for the drama of personal relationships.

But why, the reader may ask, drag in the revolution? What can that bogy have to do with Galsworthy, Moore, Lawrence, Joyce, Eliot and the other writers who are dealt with in Mr. Charques's criticism? How can a basis of political theory (debatable at that) help a critic to understand literature and literary values? The Marxist reply is that we cannot separate literary from social values, and that the bourgeois critic himself takes for granted a whole system of social values on which he builds his aestheticism.

> The essential difference [Mr. Charques writes] between the popular and the serious art of our day is that popular art is guided by bourgeois social standards, and serious art (or a great part of it) by the artistic values which spring from those standards.

The bourgeois critic, as much as the Marxist, fights for his social standards, but he is not fully conscious of the fact, and for that reason if for no other his criticism is defective.

All this is true—or, at any rate, three-quarters true—and the particular value of Mr. Charques's approach, for non-Marxists, is that he ignores all the usual assumptions and acts consistently on a set of assumptions of his own. He looks through the other end of the telescope, and it is not necessarily the wrong end. The Marxist, in fact, resolutely examines the present in the light of the future: what he sees most plainly are the dead hangovers of tradition, and the new pointers. The pattern is fresh and engrossing, like a geological map at the end of one's atlas.

Where Mr. Charques is weakest, I think, is in his desire to make two points which conflict. He argues that contemporary writers fail by neglecting social problems and the class struggle, and at the same time that English audiences are hopelessly bourgeois and get the art they deserve. To prove the first he does less than justice to writers like Wells, and omits entirely the young Communist poets who contributed to *New Country*. With the second, he must reach the confusion that Galsworthy both faithfully represents, and does not represent at all, the contemporary social scene. One can't have it both ways. The is some confusion too, perhaps, in his conception of revolutiona literature. For a book may be called revolutionary because emphasises, and portends, social change, or because it is itself revolution in literature. The two types are distinct. When they meet it seems to be accidental or merely on the common ground that both are anti-bourgeois.

A mixture of literary revolution and reaction can be seen i the collection of pieces made by Mr. George Reavey and Mr. Mar Slonim in *Soviet Literature*. Bourgeois emotions are, of cours taboo; and their absence makes rather a big hole in story an poem. Some good photography, much exclamation—these are not the only new qualities, but there is a great deal of them. The hero, gradually displaced from the European novel by the realists and their successors, shows signs of returning in Soviet Russia in the form of the Good Communist. Good Communist or Good Companion—there is surely little to choose betwee them in sentimentality, and equally little to be said for either as art. How does the Marxist finally distinguish between good propaganda and good art? It is interesting to note in the introduction to *Soviet Literature* that for two years after the Revolution there was no literature written at all; and that for the next three years, under a rigorous dictatorship, the quality of most of the writing was so inferior that in the end some measure of freedom was granted to artists. The two chief poets of "the new spiri in Soviet literature," Mayakovsky and Essenin, shot themselve in despair. Is it possible that a complete artist is neither bourgeoi nor proletarian but the enemy of both? G. W. STONIER

A FLORENTINE FAMILY

The Chronicles of a Florentine Family 1200-1470. By GINEVRA NICCOLINI DI CAMUGLIANO. *Cape*. 15*s*.

This book is mainly a reconstruction, from family papers, of upper-class life in Florence in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Public events are included, for upper-class Florentines of any mark were public men, and their doings in that capacity need explanation—sometimes a disproportionate amount. But the details of private life have equal prominence. After a hasty chapter of introduction comes a plunge into the account-books of two brothers Niccolini in the fourteenth century, recording their expenditure on two young nieces left under their care. There is not much variety in the entries. Five *soldi* were spent, from first to last, on education, and even this was exceptional—the younger of the two children learnt to read. At that time girls seldom learnt: but then there was nothing for them to read in any case. The "knowledge of evil" which they were supposed to escape by being illiterate would have had to creep in almost exclusively from the account-books of their male relatives. It is more striking that these two young heiresses seem to have had no personal possessions but their clothes: and even their stock of clothes was not a large one. Materials were evidently fatally good, and wore for ever. Three new dresses were considered plenty for a wedding outfit: it is true they were probably in the grand style. (Women's dress, however, was shortly to become stiff and sumptuous, and lose the natural, flowing lines of that earlier period.) The colours chosen were few and unsubtle, as in the draperies in contemporary pictures: it was strictly the epic poetry of dress. Some details of their equipment puzzle one: for instance, what did they do with all those little buttons? A hundred and fifty silver buttons, sometimes even more, would be bought for a single indoor dress. On the other hand, in three years the sisters had no more than one pair of stockings each; as late as 1459 Ginevra Niccolini, a rich bride, had only two pairs in her wedding outfit. True, stockings were then made of cloth; but when one contrasts the two pairs in Ginevra's trousseau with her twenty shifts and thirty kerchiefs, one can only conclude that the stockings were not intended to be washed. There may be grounds, too, for the idea that there was not much washing of the elaborate bed and table linen—sheets striped with gold and silver, pillows and table-cloths smothered in embroidery. This kind of gorgeousness does not seem to us very inviting. But in an age when *all* personal possessions were comparatively few, luxury and ostentation could not well select: they had to concentrate.

Through these two centuries, the sum needed for a dowry grew and grew. The young men, we are told, were unwilling to take wives: depopulation was a constant fear, and matchmaking was patriotic. The Niccolinis of the period are not, on the whole, a good example of this state of things. They generally

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married twice, and had from twelve to fifteen or twenty children. Infant mortality was high, indeed, but not so high as not to leave a handsome surplus. It is evident, however, that men did not often marry young, and there was always the plague lying in wait. Florentine households were distinctly patriarchal: the sons lived at home till they were about thirty, in complete subjection; they brought home their illegitimate children, if any; there was, as often as not, a woman-slave who was the master's concubine, and *her* children were brought up with the rest. It is unreasonable, perhaps, to suppose that the wives objected strongly, especially as illegitimate children were looked down on, and slaves were generally very plain, or even disfigured. But niceties of feeling and character are hard to seize at such a distance of time, and from such imperfect indications. Paolo, who kept a journal in the fifteenth century, is more than usually accessible: he has a transparent Boswellian garrulity, a headlong impulse to give himself away. But it seems quite arbitrary to decide between Otto, who was an ambassador, and Otto's wife, who kept on pestering him to come home at once: one can see it must have been tiresome for Otto, and that's all.

Otto's career is given a great deal of space, perhaps too much. It is hardly worth covering all that old ground for the sake of an intelligent subordinate of the Medici. Still, a change of angle always presents a slightly different scene; and in this, diplomacy appears most convincingly futile. But it was not meant to.

It cannot be said that these *Chronicles* are a book, exactly: they are the materials for a book—or books—rather naively thrown together, and sadly the worse for the stilted school-exercise translation of original documents. The subject, however, carries off these disadvantages. It is lavishly illustrated, and there are abundant references in lieu of bibliography. K. JOHN

THE GREAT PANJANDRUM

Elizabethan Schooldays. By J. HOWARD BROWN. *Blackwell.* 5s.

Mr. Brown has given us an example of the way in which books of this kind should be written. Starting with a natural interest in his own school of Thame, which was founded in 1569, he gradually extended his researches to cover the history of other schools of approximately the same age. It is clear that these researches lasted several years. When his knowledge had been well digested he compacted it into this small volume of a hundred and sixty pages, in which it is probable that the ordinary reader will find all that he wants to know, and the special student little to correct.

As might be expected, the Elizabethan Age, like ours, had its stubborn conservatives, devotees of the rod, unable to see any virtue except in the old curriculum, and intent on beating their pupils into one monotonous pattern. These were the majority, as they usually are. The times being harsh, the discipline was harsh, and it is terrible to think of the unnecessary tortures through which sensitive boys must have passed. The spirit of Udall was still alive, of which Tusser speaks with such feeling: "Fifty-three stripes given to me at once I had, for fault but small or none at all: see, Udall, see the mercy of thee to me poor lad." As the hours of work were unconscionably long the unhappy boys had but too many chances of irritating a sadistic tyrant.

But this is only one side of the picture. There were masters who kept the ferule merely as a symbol. There were men like Mulcaster who refused to be bound in slavery to the classics: "Our own tongue bears the joyful title of our liberty and freedom, the Latin remembering us of our thraldom and bondage. I love Rome, but London better; I favour Italy, but England more." And there were masters who actually encouraged their boys in the playing of healthy games.

A few mechanical devices might have added much to the comfort of teachers and scholars alike. One of these, conspicuous by its absence in those days, was what Thring used to describe as the "almighty wall." The schoolroom at St. Paul's was divided into four by curtains: at Tiverton the authorities had gone so far as to erect partitions of "four feet in height or thereabouts." Farnaby, in the reign of Charles I, made the great advance of assigning a separate room to each class. What the noise and confusion must have been in a school like Shrewsbury with its three hundred and sixty boys is a thing imagination boggles at.

The Elizabethan Age was one in which the need of learning was felt, and in which public-spirited citizens endeavoured to supply the want. Everywhere wealthy men were founding new schools or endowing old ones; and it is a disquieting reflection that, however narrow the range of study, twice as many boys, in proportion to the population, were being educated in schools in 1546 as in 1864.

A word should be added in praise of the very excellent illustrations. E. E. KELLETT

BROTHER ALBERT

The Prince Consort and His Brother. Two Hundred New Letters. Edited by HECTOR BOLITHO. *Cobden Sanderson.* 15s.

Those who enjoy the excellent game of historical might-have-beens could choose a worse subject of speculation than to ask what would have happened if Victoria had married Ernst instead of Albert. It was by no means impossible. When the two boys came over from Coburg in 1836 Victoria knew that she was expected to choose. She noted, looking at photographs on the sofa alone with Albert, that he was "extremely handsome, which Ernst certainly is not;" that Albert was "the most reflecting of the two" and always had "some clever, witty answer at breakfast," but she found both of them "most delightful young people . . . very amiable, very kind and good and extremely merry, just as young people should be." She added, too, that they were both "extremely sensible and fond of occupation." Therefore, since good looks, a reflecting temperament and wit at breakfast are not necessarily conquerors of the heart, it is permissible to imagine Ernst, still merry and fond of occupation, becoming Prince Consort, and Albert, the younger brother, spending a quiet and useful life instructing and guiding the inhabitants of the dukedom of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Albert might indeed have been a happier man, for he would have been less lonely, while Ernst might well have been better behaved as the husband of Victoria than as the scapegrace heir to a greedy old Duke in a small German principality. And what would have been the effect on Victoria and on English history? Clearly, there is material here for a very pretty piece of speculation. But we are concerned with history, and those who prefer facts to a gamble in historical futures will find these hitherto unpublished letters of Albert to his elder brother full of instruction and, at this distance, of amusement. They are excellently edited by Mr. Hector Bolitho, who has already made use of them in his successful book, *Albert the Good*.

In these letters there are not many signs of the breakfast wit which Victoria noticed as one of Albert's attractions. He could note the ridiculous on occasion:

> The day after tomorrow the funeral of the Duke of Sussex is to take place. I shall be present. It will be a long and fatiguing ceremony. We are going in long cloaks and wide brimmed hats. Wylde, in black habit habillé, shoes and stockings . . . etc., etc., will carry my train. *Il n'y a qu'un pas du sublime au ridicule.*

Again he describes how, at the wedding of Augusta and Fritz, the king of Hanover would thrust himself forward to the very altar and how he was

> forced to give him a strong push and drive him down a few steps, where the First Master of Ceremonies took him and led him out of the chapel. We had a second scene when he would not allow me to sign the register with Victoria. He laid his fist on the table. We manoeuvered round the table . . . Since then, we let him go, and happily, he fell over some stones in Kew and damaged some ribs. Uncle Leopold was highly amused about these occurrences, and Aunt Louisa was disgusted.

At the outbreak of the Crimean War he makes the admirably discerning remark that "Aberdeen still lives in 1814, Lord John in 1830, Palmerston in 1848." The truth could not have been more happily put, for "Finality Jack" had used up most of his radicalism in the Reform Bill struggle, while England would never have drifted into the Crimean War but for the conflict between Aberdeen, who was haunted by the memory of a field of battle when the fighting was over, and Palmerston, who had never seen a battlefield but had found in the turmoil of 1849 that the Tsar would climb down if John Bull stood up to him with a gunboat. From numerous passages in these letters we see how much truth there was in the popular impression that Pam, the favourite sporting hero, was the victim of court "intrigue." Intrigue was not, perhaps, the right word, for the Queen and the Prince did not regard themselves as constitutionally excluded from all say in the choice of Ministers, but their opposition to Palmerston was unceasing and the one really happy letter in this collection is the paean of triumph when Palmerston "cut his own throat" and was dismissed from office in December, 1851.

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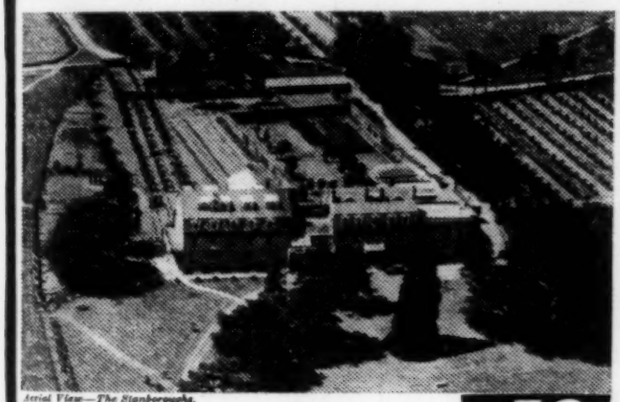
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But Albert's letters to Ernst were concerned less with political events than with guiding his brother in the path of duty. Has any other younger brother in history ever written like this to his senior?

> I thank you very much for your dear letter of the 4th. I am pleased that the truth of my words regarding the principles of life has been found true. On the other hand, I am sorry that the truth was not agreeable and that, to get rid of this impression, you lose yourself in philosophy on life.
>
> "What he says may be right, but I may act differently and be right too." That is impossible, as there is but *one* truth, as in mathematics. . . for a man of honour. There is only the bird's eye view, standing firmly above the low actions of the world, supported by noble principles. If he deflects from them then his honour is lost and the stains can never be removed.

Or again:

> I was much pleased with the dear lines I received, but my pleasure was very short. It was over when I opened the letter from Papa which I received at the same time. Again you showed Papa my letter, which was meant for you alone, and you did so without explanation, so that he misunderstood it. This is the last time that I expose myself to such treatment. I see that you do not think much of my letters and that you even make ill use of them. In future I shall write only about the weather and leave you to perish in immorality, although my heart bleeds at the idea.

Though Albert did not carry out this last terrible threat there is, in fact, less moralising in the letters that follow, because Ernst soon afterwards made up his mind to marry (Albert gave him some excellent advice about the tactlessness of introducing his fiancée to his former women friends), and became before long Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. But though there is less moralising the letters retain their interest to the end. For they show Albert in as intimate a light as we can ever see him. Bitterly lonely up to the very end in a country which did not understand him, he fell back on his immense sense of duty. Not obliged to spend as much time on ceremonies as a royal personage of to-day, he worked incessantly to understand intellectual and political Europe. He was interested in ideas for their own sake. He was astonishingly discerning about English politics, and a generation ahead of any other person in public life in appreciating the relationships between science and society, in realising that the ancient haphazard methods of politics must give way to an expert, scientifically guided world if civilisation was not to drift on to the rocks. Such a man would have been lonely in nineteenth century England even if he had not been a German, or a prig, or the husband of the Queen.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Victorian Aftermath, 1901-1914. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

With this volume Dr. Wingfield-Stratford completes his Victorian trilogy with a mordantly sparkling analysis of political, social and commercial life during the thirteen years between the death of the Queen to the outbreak of the great war. It is not difficult of course after the event to see as we pass from 1901 to 1914 the great catastrophe looming ever more ominously ahead, and so far as his criticism of international politics is concerned Dr. Wingfield-Stratford is on safe ground. But in domestic affairs were these fatal thirteen years as sterile of good as he insists? There was slow but steady progress in the amelioration of poverty and its results throughout this period and a great advance in general education.

Looking Back on Life. By GEORGE ROBEY. *Constable.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Although much of this book is devoted to the history of the variety theatre as Mr. Robey has known it, and to notes on the famous men and women with whom he has performed, there is enough in it of Mr. Robey himself to give it real autobiographical value. Mr. Robey holds strong views on the right conduct of the music hall, which in his opinion is the spiritual home of the red-nosed comedian, where hearty Victorian vulgarity should stoutly resist the encroachment of anything smacking of "refainment." But when he comes to consider in what this brave vulgarity should consist Mr. Robey as usual doesn't mean what we mean, how dare we. The eyebrows are raised, and a minatory eye, slightly discounted by a tongue almost poking out of a cheek, bids us desist. For Mr. Robey assures us that he is not a risqué comedian. So there we are. Obviously, if the eye and eyebrows are to be believed, Mr. Robey never had even in mind what we thought he was going to say and do at the moment when he suddenly didn't. In all innocence he unwittingly arouses the deplorable Rabelaisian mentality that lurks under the noblest brow and the most beautiful permanent wave. And the curious thing is that this Chaucerian strain in the English character is found in every audience that Mr. Robey addresses. From the royal and noble in the drawing-rooms of great hostesses to the audiences of the remotest halls they all misunderstand him. One could wish that Sir James Barry, whose essay written on Mr. Robey as auctioneer [illegible] the war time forms the preface to this book, had gone farther into [illegible] own reactions to Mr. Robey's humour, that he had in fact told us wh[illegible] in his opinion is Mr. Robey's secret. For Sir James, if anyone, wo[illegible] know. Mr. Robey the collector of blue and white, the maker of violi[illegible] no doubt is a man as other men; but George Robey whose name i[illegible] household word is a grown-up Puck, who has to wear a clerical c[illegible] to remind him to "shurrup" at the precise psychological mome[illegible]

Admiral Von Hipper. By HUGO VON WALDEYER-HARTZ. *Rich a[illegible] Cowan.* 20*s.*

The purely biographical matter in this story of Von Hipper's care[illegible] is slight, but there emerges from the history of the German Navy, [illegible] Hipper served in it from 1881 until the Revolution of 1918, a vigoro[illegible] and convincing portrait of a man of character, positive, individual, a[illegible] pre-eminently likeable. Franz Hipper seems from the beginnin[illegible] when at the age of sixteen he announced his intention of joining t[illegible] navy, to have had a natural aptitude for the sea. This boy from t[illegible] shop-keeping class of an inland town was to prove a born navigato[illegible] who, nervously irritable in times of inaction—like a thoroughbred [illegible] the starting post, to quote Captain Von Waldeyer-Hartz—in actio[illegible] seemed to do the right thing automatically. Study there was, of cours[illegible] backed by enthusiasm; but the sea-craft he learned and was to practi[illegible] was of the kind that is absorbed and assimilated subconsciously. Hippe[illegible] never married, and had few domestic interests, his life being governe[illegible] by his love of the sea, his love of sport, and his genius for friendshi[illegible] Captain Von Waldeyer-Hartz' story of the naval side of the great w[illegible] is highly controversial. He is of the "put-it-to-the-touch-and-win-o[illegible] lose-it-all" school, and is clearly of the opinion that it is the Nelso[illegible] touch. But whatever his opinion of the strategy and tactics of bo[illegible] sides at the Battle of Jutland, he at any rate demonstrates that in th[illegible] battle Hipper earned, and more than earned, Lord Beatty's praise "A gallant officer and a great sailor."

Voodoos and Obeahs: Phases of West India Witchcraft. B[illegible] JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S.J. *Allen and Unwin.* 15*s.*

It is probably in the nature of the problem that any discussion o[illegible] the emancipated Negro should always be more or less beside the mar[illegible] This evasion of the real issue is particularly patent in Dr. Williams' study of West Indian witchcraft, in spite of the fact that it is writte[illegible] by one versed in ethnology. The instances of witchcraft quoted a[illegible] interesting enough and the suggestion is pertinent that the "revivalist" type of Christianity is not the most desirable corrective of orgiast[illegible] paganism. The survival of, and curious reversions to, the wilder rite[illegible] of West African fetish worship are, however, quite easily ex[illegible] plained when it is remembered that the Negro has been compul[illegible] sorily introduced to an alien culture from all the social and politic[illegible] advantages of which he is cut off. Naturally he has turned an[illegible] turned again to the exciting rituals of his pagan forebears as a way o[illegible] escape, as a means whereby he can in his own esteem rise above hi[illegible] "untouchable" status in a colour-barred Christendom. Moreover the rites of witchcraft give him a feeling of power over the forces range[illegible] against him. Islam, many have contended, is the Negro's sure[illegible] salvation; but even so that is only because Islam accepts its convert[illegible] without reservations. The Negro who enjoys the full cultural right[illegible] of his white neighbour is as unlikely to turn to witchcraft as is th[illegible] neighbour himself.

* * *

The title of Mr. L. W. Grensted's *The Person of Christ*, publishe[illegible] by Nisbet, was given wrongly in our Selected List of Autumn Book[illegible] last week.

About Motoring

THREE NEW CARS

I AM probably safe in guessing that three cars will comman[illegible] more attention than all the other exhibits at the Olympia Show[illegible] The new car of most importance to the British industry is pro[illegible] bably the little Standard Nine, frankly designed as a counterblas[illegible] to the little 8h.p. Ford, which made more impression on cheap c[illegible] seekers in 1933 than any other car in the world. Its success wa[illegible] a little humiliating to us all. It was as if Henry Ford had said "You Britishers have been forced by an absurd taxation system t[illegible] concentrate on the small car. You think you know all about it, an[illegible] certainly a hundred times more than any other nation know[illegible] Very well. Here is the first small car America has ever designe[illegible] What about it?" And buyers in this country replied with en[illegible] thusiasm that Ford had beaten us on our own stamping groun[illegible] at the first attempt. Of course we use the word "Ford" in a fals[illegible] sense. "Ford" is no longer limited to Henry, plus or minu[illegible] Edsel of that ilk. Ford's immense prestige and incredible capit[illegible] enable him to corral all the best technical, practical and psycho[illegible] logical brains of the United States, or indeed in any other moto[illegible] manufacturing country. He has corralled all the appropriate brai[illegible] which he desires, just as the Arsenal can buy up almost any foo[illegible] baller who takes their fancy. So quite a lot of British experienc[illegible]

NON-STOP
LONDON TO JUBA-JUBA
YES I KNOW
YOU DID IT ON
SHELL—GO AWAY
JOHN REYNOLDS

judgment and technique was embodied in the 8 h.p. Ford. The new Standard Nine is quite as good as the 8 h.p. Ford, and during 1934 it will probably gnaw quite a hole in the Ford sales; but we could wish it had appeared before the 8 h.p. Ford, instead of after it.

The second cynosure at Olympia is the new three and a half litre Bentley. No sports car in the world has ever achieved quite such a passionate vogue as the Bentley, and its temporary demise some years ago came as a real personal blow to many enthusiastic motorists. There was never anything wrong with the Bentley car; but its sponsors, an improvised firm created after the Armistice, never commanded the capital which such an ambitious enterprise demanded. From start to finish they never owned a complete modern plant, and were compelled to sub-contract for many of their components. At reconstruction the original Bentley brains were retained, and in association with the Rolls-Royce interests they now command perfect plant and unlimited financial resources. So Olympia will herald a new and unquestionably more brilliant chapter in the history of this famous car. The car is a six-cylinder developing 120 brake horse power, and taxed at £26. The chassis is to cost £1,100, so that for approximately £1,500 a magnificent vehicle can be obtained. There are no startling novelties in the design. It is just to be a very fast car of perfect manners, with the pluperfect silence, steering, braking, suspension and other allied excellencies of the Rolls. It will undoubtedly create a cult, and cry checkmate to the sales of foreign sports cars —the Alfa, the Delage, the Maserati—in this country. Unless the Rolls directors are adamant, the racing brigade will seize upon it with roars of glee, and even if the factory refuses co-operation I suspect that before very long the 1934 Bentley will make its speed felt wherever helmeted experts coquet with death. The experimental chassis have already undergone a colossal testing all over Europe, and very little adaptation will be needed to equip it for victory in any race which accepts entries of such large engines. It already ranks as the motoring sportsman's dream.

The third sensation of Olympia is the new 15–17 h.p. streamlined Crossley. The engines of motor-cars were originally mounted at the front of many chassis simply because horses had always preceded carts. There was no logical reason of any sort or kind for placing the engine in front, though later in the evolution of the car such a reason was identified, because it is natural to keep the water radiator near the engine, and the front radiator is most exposed to draughts. German engineers were the first to toy with the idea of reversing the conventional layout in modern times. They argued that if the power unit and transmission were transferred to the rear a safer chassis could be built. The car could be lowered to the minimum ground clearance consistent with clearing gate-stops and other projections from the road. There would be no need to consider interference of the propeller-shaft with floor levels, and resort to footwells. This in itself is a genuine asset. From this point they proceeded to work out wind resistance, and anticipated great increases in speed. The power spent in overcoming wind resistance at high speed is enormous with the conventional wind-entry of a snub bonnet, backed by a possibly vertical windscreen. But if the engine was removed to the stern, the bows or nose of the car could be designed on sheer stream-lining principles, and the tail could be flared to match. Hence the wind resistance at maximum speed could be cut by a very large factor. Then a third point of interest arose, in that the fore three-quarters of the chassis could be lightened very considerably, since it would serve few functions apart from supporting the low weight of the passengers and the body shell; it would no longer be asked to resist stresses created by the engine and transmission, or to support their weight. The new Crossley is by no means a ruthless and logical translation of these arguments into metal and timber. Commander Burney, who contrived two years ago to sell one of his stream-lined cars to the Prince of Wales, is associated with this car, and in the interval has learnt the power of conventions. So he retains a dummy bonnet in front, and his car in general outline closely resembles the well-known Riley "Kestrel." His engine is housed in a tail which projects for its whole length behind the rear axle, and the car is not outlandish in appearance. It could appear at any rally without creating wild excitement. But in accepting those compromises the designer has probably made great technical sacrifices. It is not certain that it will necessarily be any lighter or faster than standard types of similar power and capacity; if it is lighter and faster, the gain will be little more than fractional. It is possibly intended to educate the buying public to the point at which they may weigh the value of established conventions with a more open mind.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 43.—THE STRONG-BOX

Extract from the Will of Thomas Badger, gentleman, of Much Luker in the County of Flint:

. . . and to my nephew John Ferrett the entire contents of the small green strong-box in my study subject only to this condition, namely, that he may for the space of five minutes on the day on which my will shall be read to him inspect the said strong-box and take such measurements and notes as he shall deem fit, and that on the following day in the presence of my executors he shall succeed in opening the box in the space of one minute without the use of force or violence (here follow alternative instructions in the event of the nephew's failure). . . .

When the will was read John was formally introduced to the strong box, which he found to be a massive steel box on four legs, having a knot-like handle but no discernible keyhole. Attached to the knot was an envelope addressed to himself, inside which was another envelope bearing on the outside the following doggerel rhyme:

If you seek for a key to get into this box with
You labour in vain for of keyholes there's none;
What you must do is employ a good locksmith,
But do it yourself if the job's to be done.

And inside it a paper on which was typewritten the following:

TSHO EIHB LIOO EIKS EENT TUPT TNGR AGNH ETAR ETHN AEXL RFGN INSE OOFO EFGA TROT CNHE NSHH ITEO BSTT LRST TEIT HRIN TTD.

What should John do next day?

PROBLEM 41.—PONDERS END

Ponder met his end at Ponders End. The circumstances were as follows:—

The detective was Elmer and lived at Worlds End. Starting at 8.0 p.m. he reached the house of his intended victim, the financier, at Ponders End at midnight. After having poisoned his whisky, he went on to Elmers End, the residence of the blackmailer, whom he intended to arrest, at 5.30 or shortly before, to meet his death from the time-bomb planted by the financier. The blackmailer, Ponder, leaving Elmers End at 8.0., arrived at the house of the detective at Worlds End at 11 p.m., and then proceeding to the house of the financier, to obtain much-needed funds, perished there miserably, guzzling his unconscious host's poisoned whisky. World, the financier, starting from his house at Ponders End at 8, reached the blackmailer's house at Elmers End, where he planted the bomb timed to go off at 5.30 a.m. He then returned home, arriving after 6 a.m. to find his proposed victim cold and dead in his easy chair. Unable to dispose at such short notice of the dead body, he fell an easy victim to the police, and died on the scaffold at 8 a.m. on December 28th, executed for a crime he had never committed.

Working:—This is unfortunately a matter of trial and error. It is fairly obvious that the financier intends to kill his blackmailer—who would blackmail a detective?—the blackmailer to dispose of the detective, and the detective to revenge himself on the financier for losses incurred by investing his savings in World's wild-cat schemes. The opposite hypothesis can be tried, but will be found not to fit the facts. Taking, then, the first hypothesis, three arrangements will fit the statement of the problem. Using symbols:—

b = P, lives at W.E.; = W, lives at E.E.; = P, lives at E.E.
d = W, lives at E.E.; = E, lives at P.E.; = E, lives at W.E.
f = E, lives at P.E.; = P, lives at W.E.; = W, lives at P.E.

Of these three, only the last fits the facts. It is clear then that:

Ponder, blackmailer, dies at Ponders End of poisoned whisky.
Elmer, detective, dies at Elmers End by explosion.
World will return home to be landed with a dead body.

Note:—The phrase "his own End" is specifically defined in the third sentence as being the namesake End.

PROBLEM 40.—JOYVILLE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to F. C. Watts, 71 Claude Road, Roath, Cardiff. There were seventy-nine correct solutions. *Nine* points are awarded for this problem.

CIPHERHYME

I just 26870 his 123346 face—
My 9277406 247925 at the '67890.
With 9870 than an 49107423 grace
He'd tread with me the 7826 to 7890—

The keyword consists of 10 letters, represented in the above rhyme, by the digits 1234567890. *Find the keyword.*

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of all correct solutions selected at random.

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COMPANY MEETING

JOHN LEWIS & COMPANY, LTD.

AMALGAMATION WITH PETER JONES, LIMITED

A Separate Meeting of the holders of the 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares of John Lewis and Co., Ltd., was held on Monday, October 16th, at 278-288, Oxford Street, London, W., to consider resolutions approving an amalgamation with Peter Jones, Ltd., the repayment of the outstanding £1,000,000 6 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock of the company and £400,000 6 per cent. first mortgage debenture stock of Peter Jones, Ltd., and the issue of the necessary additional capital for this purpose.

Mr. J. Spedan Lewis (the chairman) said that the business of Peter Jones was similar to their own. Last year the trading profit of that company, before deducting depreciations, debenture and other interest on loan capital and other charges, was £39,000, and for the current year the corresponding profit of the first six months alone had been approximately equal to the whole of that of last year. That development of the business of Peter Jones now called for additional trading space and for additional working capital, and John Lewis and Co. also needed to expand their trading space.

They proposed in the amalgamation to bring into John Lewis and Co. all the properties and assets and the business of Peter Jones and to pay off the whole of the existing debenture stock debts of both companies. They would then provide the necessary new capital to carry out their plan by creating a much smaller 4 per cent. mortgage debenture debt and by issuing the new 5 per cent. first preference shares for the balance of their capital requirements. The creditor position was greatly reduced by the scheme, and in the view of the directors and that of their advisers the position of the shareholders was thereby very much strengthened.

Their particular system of business sought to give to their workers of all grades all profits beyond proper reserves and fixed rates of loan-interest and share dividend. The directors intended to offer for public subscription 650,000 of the new 5 per cent. preference shares, and in that issue preferential consideration would be given to all applications from the holders of the 7 per cent. preference shares of John Lewis and Co. and from the holders of the existing debenture stock of John Lewis and Co. and of Peter Jones, Ltd.

After questions had been answered the necessary resolutions were carried on a poll by overwhelming majorities.

At a subsequent Extraordinary General Meeting the resolution for the creation of the new 5 per cent. first preference shares and the increase of capital was approved.

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